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Sec'y Pro-tem-y Editor

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

MY VISION.

HARVEY FURBAY.

There's a vision moves before me,
Which I fain would see no more,
For I view each haggard face—
Faces that I've seen before.
And the locks they cast upon me,
As they pass with noiseless tread,
Fill my mind with fearful feelings—
Fill my heart with nameless dread.

Not a soul in all this concourse
But doth curse me for its lot,
Yonder comes before me
On a life I cast a blot.
I, it was who first enticed him
With the rosy tinted glass;
I, the cause! too late—alas!

Oh this youth, whom rum had crazed him,
Sank the cruel dagger deep!
Blood-red stained the blade of a slayer
From the gaping wound I did weep.
He to law has paid the forfeit,
Passed beyond the unseen veil,
I, alone, with mien was guilty,
My excuse with God will fail.

Celtic, Ohio.

For the Blade.

THE BLACKBIRD.

MRS. M. A. SUTPHIN.

Lo, his chosen place for concert—
That young hickory in the clover—
And a'l around throats are bubbling—
Filled with music—bubbling over.

'Tis like gurling of the brooklet,
As it ripples over pebbles;
Maketh sad hearts leap with gladness
While he trilleth forth his trebles.

That young hickory, with its burden,
Jet and scarlet covered over,
Nodding 'neath the summer showers,
Since first shadowing fragrant clover.

Bright his eyelets of scarlet—
Throat filled up with sweet spring gladness;
And it sends drink in the music,
While he trilleth on to madness.

Rustic home in bush green sedges,
Sparkling with his guarded treasures—
Guard them thou and keep them sacred.
He'll repay in rippling measures.

For the Blade.

CORAL CAVES.

MAE DE LANCIE.

Softly falls the moonlight upon the dancing waves,
Gayly float my love and I toward the coral caves;
Heaven's blue above us, spangled with the stars,
Ocean rolls beneath us o'er his shingly bars.

Eerie voices of the night whisper as we float,
Softly clear the siren's notes luring on our boat.
In the witching moonlight waves like emeralds gleam,
While with Circe beside me I idly float and dream.

Bear us on—O Ocean! folded heart to heart;
Floating thus forever, love! we'll never part.
Or 'mid shining jewels where the sea-nymph loves,
Live a life enchanted among the coral caves.

Our Story Teller.

OUR CONSUL AT CARLSRUHE.

BY J. S. OF DALE.

"Died.—In Baden, Germany, the 22d inst., Charles Austin, Consul of the United States Consul at Carlsruhe, aged 60 years."

There, most stories of men's lives end with the epitaph, but this of Pinckney's shall begin there. If we, as haply God or devil can, could unroof the houses of men's souls, if their visible world were of theirs about their brains, we should know strange things. And this alone, of all the possible, is certain. For bethink you how men appear to their Creator as he looks down into the soul, that matrix of visible lives we find so hard to localize and comprehend, and few of us that are even yet so sure to be. For all these are in self; and few of us that are forced, one way or another, to grant existence to some selves outside of us. Can you fancy that men's souls, like their farms, would show here a patch of grain and there the tares, there the weeds and here the sowing, over this place the rain has fallen, and that other, to one looking down upon it from afar, seems brown and desolate, wasted by fire or made arid by the drouth?

In this man's life is a poor beginning, but a better end; in this other's we see the foundations, the staging and the schemes of mighty structures, now stopped, given over or abandoned—the work lashed to the stocks. Of this one, all seems ready but the launching, of that the huge keelson only has been laid; but both alike have died unborn, and the rain falls upon them, and the mosses grow; the sound of labor is far off, and the scene is still. Small as Small's have make a great change; slight differences in adjustment end quick in death. Small, even, they would seem to us; but to the infinite mind all things, small and great, are alike; the spore of rust in the ear is very slight, but a famine in the corn will shake the world.

Pinckney's life the world called lazy; his leisure was not fruitful, and his 60 years of life were but a gentleman's. Some slight lesion may have caused paralysis of energy, some clot of heart's blood pressed upon the soul; I make no doubt our doctors could diagnose it, if they knew a little more. Tall and slender, he had a strange face—a face with a young man's beauty, his white hair gave a charm to the rare smile, that was slow to the spring, and the slight stoop with which he walked was but a grace the more. In short, Pinckney was interesting. Women raved about him, young men fell in love with him, and if he was selfish, the fault lay between him and his Maker, not visible to other eyes. There are three things that make a man interesting in his old age. The first, being heroism, we may put aside; but the other two are regret and remorse. Now, Mr. Pinckney's fragrance was not of remorse; women and young men would have called it heroism; it may have been. As much honor has as could be practiced in 50 years of Carlsruhe.

Why Carlsruhe? That was the key-note of inquiry; and no one knew. Old men spoke unctuously of youthful scandals; women dreamed. I suspect even Mrs. Pinckney wondered; about as much as the ploughed field may wonder at the silence of the autumn. But Pinckney limped gracefully about the sleepy avenues which converge at the grand duke's palace, like a wakeful page in the castle of the sleeping beauty. Pinckney was a friend of the grand duke's; and perhaps it was a certain American flavor pervading the manners which made him seem the only man at the Baden court who met his archiserene Altitude on equal terms. For one who had done nothing and possessed little, Pinckney certainly preserved a marvellous personal dignity. His four daughters were all married to serious of Teutonic nobility, and each one in turn had asked him for the Pinckney arms, and quartered them into the appropriate checker-square with as much grave satisfaction as he felt for the far-off patch of Hohenzollern or of Hapsburg in sinister chief. Pinckney had laughed at it, and referred them to the declaration of Independence, clause the first; but his wife had copied them from some spoon or sugar-bowl. She was very fond of Pinckney, and no more questioned him why they always lived in Carlsruhe than a Persian would the sun for rising each now and then they went to Baden, and her cup was full.

Pinckney died of a cold, unostentatiously and was buried like a modest gentleman; though the grand duke actually wanted to put the court in mourning for three days, and consulted with his chamberlain whether it would do. Mrs. Pinckney had preceded him by some six years; but she was an appendage, and her husband's defference had always seemed in Carlsruhe a trifle strained. It was only in these last six years that any one had gossiped of remorse, in answer to the sphinx-like question of his marble brow; such questions vex the curious. Mere furrows trouble nobody,—money matters are enough for them,—but white smoothness in old age is a bait and tickles curiosity. Some said at home he was a devil and beat his wife.

But Pinckney never beat his wife. Late in the last twilight of her life she had called him to her, and excluded even the four daughters, with their stout and splendid barons; then, alone with him, she looked to him and smiled. And suddenly his gentleman's heart took a jump, and the tears fell on her still, soft hands. I suppose some old road was opened again, in the gray matter of his brain. Mrs. Pinckney smiled the more strongly, and said, not quite so terribly as Mrs. Amos Barton, "Have I made you happy, dearest Charles?" And Charles, the perfect-mannered, said she had,—but said it stammering. "Then," said she, "I die very happily, dear." And she did; and Pinckney continued to live at Carlsruhe.

The only activities of Pinckney's mind were critical. He was a wonderful orator, but he rarely spoke; people said he could have been a great writer, but he never wrote,—at least nothing original. He was the art and Continental-drama critic of several English and American reviews; in music he was a Wagnerian, which debarred him from writing of it except in German; but the little Court theater at Carlsruhe has Wagner's portrait over the drop curtain, and the consul's box was never empty when the mighty heathen legends were declaimed or the holy music of the Grail was sung. In fiction of the earnest sort and poetry, Pinckney's critical pen showed a marvelous magic, striking the scant springs of the author's inspiration through the most rocky ground of incident or style. But, after all, as every young compatriot who went to Baden said, what the deuce and all did he live in Baden for?

Miles Breeze had said it in '50, when he made the grand tour with his young wife, and dined with him in Baden-Baden,—that is, when Breeze dined with him, for his young wife was indisposed and could not go. Miles Breeze, jr., had said it as late as '76, when he went abroad, ostensibly for instruction after leaving college. He had letters to Mr. Pinckney, who was very kind to the young Baltimorean, and greatly troubled the grand duke his serenity by presenting him as a relative of the Bonapartes. Many another American had said it, and every season some leader politicians; but Pinckney continued to live in Carlsruhe.

His critical faculties seemed sharpened, after his wife's death, as his hair grew whiter; and if you remember how he looked before, you must have noticed that the greatest change was in the expression of his face. There was one faint down-and-line at either side of his mouth, and the counterpart at the eyes; a doubtful line, which, faint as it was graven, gave a strange amount of shading to the face. And, in speaking of him still earlier, you must remember to take out your india-rubber and rub out this line from his face. This done, the face is still serious, but it has a certain light, a certain air of confidence, of determination, regretful though it may be, which makes it loved by women. Women can love a desperate—but never begin to love a beaten—cause. Women fell in love with Pinckney—for the lightning does strike twice in the same place—but his race was rather that of Lohengrin than of the Asra, and he saw it, or seemed to see it, that, in these times those lowered lines had not come, and there was a certain sober light in his face, as of a sorrowful triumph. This was in the epoch of his greatest interestingness to women.

When he first came to Carlsruhe he was simply the next consul, nothing more; a handsome young man, almost in his honeymoon, with a young and pretty wife. He had less presence in those days, and seemed absorbed in his new home, or deeply sunk in something; people at first fancied that he was a poet, meditating a great work, which finished, he would return and leave Carlsruhe. He never was seen to look at a woman, not overmuch at his wife, and was not yet popular in society. But it was true that he was newly married. He was married in Boston, in '43 or '44, to Emily Austin, a far-off cousin of his, whom he had known the himself was Carolinian during his four years at Cambridge. For his four years at Cambridge were succeeded by two more at the law school. Then he won a great case against Mr. Choate, and was narrowly beaten in an election for Congress; after that it surprised no one to hear the announcement of his appointment to the consulate, for his family was unexceptionable, and he had a brilliant future. The marriage came in the fall, rather sooner than people expected, at King's Chapel. They went abroad, as was natural, and then came home to his friends and hers by accepting his consulship and staying there. And they were imperceptibly, gradually, slowly and utterly forgotten.

The engagement came out in the spring of '43, and in June of that year young Pinckney had gone to visit his fiancee at Newport. If you had seen him then, you would have seen him in perhaps the brightest role that fate has yet permitted on this world's stage. A young man, a lover, rich, gifted and ambitious, of social position unquestioned in South Carolina and the old Bay state,—all the world loved him, as a lover, the man envied him, the upper few deferred him. Handsome he has always remained.

And the world did look to him as bright as he to the world. He was in love, as he told himself, and Miss Austin was a lovable girl, and the other things he was dimly conscious of, and the long vacation before and the autumn, and he walked up from the wharf in Newport, swinging his cane and thinking on those pleasant things.

Newport in those days was not the paradise of cottages and curricles, of lawns and nets, for the second time with this young lady, felt himself a schoolboy. Emily interposed some commonplaces, and then, after a moment, Miss Warfield said, "I must go for my ride."

"No," said Pinckney; and he turned away rudely. To be rude when you like is perhaps one of the prerogatives of a good social position. The acquaintance stared after him as he went back to Miss Austin, and then went up and spoke to Miss Warfield himself. A moment after, Pinckney saw her look over at him with some interest, and wondered if the man had been easy enough to tell her. Pinckney was sitting with Emily Austin, and after another moment he saw Miss Warfield look at her. Then her glance seemed to lose its interest, her eyelids drooped, and Pinckney could see from her interlocutor's manner that he was put to his trumps to keep her attention. At last he got away, awkwardly; and for many minutes the strange girl sat like a statue, her long lashes just veiling her eyes, so that Pinckney, from a distance, could not see what was in them. Suddenly the veil was drawn, and her eyes shone full upon him, her look meeting his. Pinckney's glance fell, and his cheeks grew redder. Miss Warfield's face did not change, but she rose and walked, though unattended, through the centre of the ballroom to the door. Pinckney's seat was nearer it than hers. She passed it as if without seeing him, moving with unconscious grace, though it would not have been the custom at that time for a girl to cross so large a room alone. Just then some one asked Miss Austin for a dance, and Pinckney, who was growing weary of it, went out on the piazza for a cigar, and then, attracted by the beauty of the night, strayed farther than he knew, alone, along the cliffs above the sea.

The next day he was walking with Miss Austin, and they passed her, in her riding habit, waiting by the mounting stone. She bowed to Miss Austin alone, leaving him out, it seemed to Pinckney, with exaggerated care.

"Is she not beautiful?" said Emily, ardently.

"Humph!" said Pinckney. A short time after, as they were driving on the road to the Fort, he saw her again; she was riding alone, across country, through the rocky knolls and marshy pools that form the south part of the Rhode Island. She had no groom lagging behind; but it was not so necessary then as now; and indeed a groom would have had a hard time to keep up with her as she rattled up the granite slopes and down over logs and bushes with her bright bay horse. The last Pinckney saw of her she disappeared over a rocky hill against the sky, her beautiful horse flecked with foam, quivering with happy animal life, and the girl calm as a figure carved in stone, without the faintest touch of rose upon her face, as the pure profile was outlined one moment against the sun-lit blue.

"How recklessly she rides!" whispered Miss Austin to him. And Pinckney said Miss Austin, and, whipping up his horse, drove on, pretending to listen to his fiancee's talk. It seemed to be about dresses, and rings, and a coming visit to the B——s, at Nahant. He had never seen a girl like her before: she was a puzzle to him.

"It is a great pity she is engaged to Mr. Breeze," said Miss Austin, and Pinckney woke up with a start, for he was thinking of Miss Warfield, too.

"Why" said he.

"I don't like him," said Emily. "He isn't good enough for her."

As this is a thing that women say of all wooers after they have won, and which the winner is usually, at that period, the first to admit, Pinckney paid little attention to this remark. But that evening he met Miles Breeze, saw him, talked with him, and heard others talk of him. A handsome man physically; well made, well dressed, well fed; well bred, as breeding goes in dogs or horses; a good shot, a good sportsman, yachtsman, story-teller; a good fellow, with a weak mouth; a man of good old Maryland blood, yet red and healthy; who had come there in his yacht and had his horses sent by sea. A well-appointed man, in short, provided amply with the conveniences of fashionable life. A man of good family, good fortune, good health, good sense, good nature, whom it were hypercritical to charge with lack of soul.

"The first duty of a gentleman is to be a good animal," and Miles Breeze performed it thoroughly. Pinckney liked him, and he could have been his companion for years and still have liked him, except as a husband for Miss Warfield.

He could not but recognize his excellence as a parti. But the race of Joan of Arc does not mate with Bonhomme Richard, even when he owns the next farm. Pinckney used to watch the grease of Breeze's cheek with peculiar and curse.

Coming upon Miss Austin one morning, she said, "Come, I want to introduce you to Miss Warfield." Pinckney had demurred, and offered as an excuse that he was smoking. "Nonsense, Charles!" said the girl. "I have told her you are coming!" Pinckney threw away his cigar and followed, and the presentation was made. Miss Warfield drew herself almost unusually erect after curtseying, as if in protest at having to bow at all. She was so tall, that as Emily stood between them, he could meet his Warfield's iron gray eyes above her head. It was the first time in Pinckney's life that he had consciously not known what to say.

"I was so anxious to have you meet Charles before he left," said Emily. Evidently his fiancee had been expatiating upon him to this new friend, and if there is anything that puts a man in a foolish position, it is to have this sort of preamble precede an acquaintance.

"An anxiety I duly shared in, Miss Warfield, I assure you," said he, which was a truth spoiled in the uttering—what the conversational Frenchman terms *banale*.

"Thank you," said Miss Warfield, very simply and tremendously effective. Pinckney, for the second time with this young

Miss Warfield had a solid little phaeton, with stout ponies; she drove herself. For some time they were silent; then, insensibly, Pinckney began to talk and she to answer. What they said I need not say; indeed, I could not; for Pinckney was a poet, and a man of rare intellect and imagination, and Miss Warfield was a woman of this world and the next, who used conventions as another might use a fan, to screen her from fools whose views were based on the ultimate. But they talked of the world, and of life in it; and when it came to an end, Pinckney noted to himself this strange thing: that they had both talked as of an intellectual problem, no longer concerning their emotions,—in short, as if this life were at an end, and they were two dead people discussing it.

So they arrived at the picnic, silent; and the people assembled looked at one another, and smiled, and said to one another, how glum those two engaged people looked, being together, and each wanting another. Mr. Breeze had not yet come; and as the people scattered while the luncheon was being prepared, Pinckney and she wandered off like the others. They went some distance—perhaps a mile or more—aimlessly, and then as they seemed to have come about to the end of the valley, Pinckney sat down upon a rock, but she did n t do so, but remained standing. Hardly a word had so far been said between them, and then Pinckney looked at her and said:

"Why are you going to marry Mr. Breeze?"

"Why not?" listlessly.

"You might as well throw yourself into the sea," said Pinckney. And he looked at the sea, which lay beyond them, shimmering.

"That I had not thought of," said she. And she looked at the sea herself, with more interest. Pinckney drew a long breath.

"But why this man?" he said, at length.

"Why that man?" said the woman. And her beautiful lip curled, with the humor of the mind, while her eyes kept still the sadness of the heart—the look that he had seen in the ball-room. "We are all poor," she added. Then, scornfully, "It is my duty to marry."

"But Miles Breeze?" persisted Pinckney. The lips curled almost to a laugh.

"I never met a better fellow than Miles," said she. And the thought was so like his own of the night before that Pinckney gasped for breath. They went back, and had chicken croquettes and champagne, and a band that was hidden in the wood made some wild Spanish music.

Going home, a curious thing happened. They had started first, and far preceded all the others. Miss Warfield was driving; and when they were again in the main road, not more than a mile from the hotel, Pinckney saw ahead of them, coming in a light trotting-buggy of the sort that one associates with the gentry who call themselves "sports," two of the gentlemen whom he had met at Breeze's dinner the night before. Whether Miss Warfield also knew them he did not know; but they had evidently had more wine than was good for them, and were driving along in a reckless manner on the wrong side of the road. The buggy was much too narrow for the two; and the one that was driving leaned out towards them with a tipsy leer. Pinckney shouted at him, but Miss Warfield drove calmly on. He was on the point of grasping the reins, but a look of her's withheld him, and he sat still, wondering; and in a moment their small front wheel had crashed through both the axles and spider-web wheels of the trotting-buggy. The shock of the second axle whirled them round, and Pinckney fell violently against the dasher, while Miss Warfield was thrown clear of the phaeton on the other side. But she had kept the reins; and before Pinckney could get to her, she was standing at her horse's heads, patting their necks calmly, with a slight cut in her forehead, where she had fallen, and only her nostril quivering like a flame, as the horses stood there trembling. The buggy was a wreck, and the horse had disappeared, and the two men, sobered by the fall, came up humbly to her to apologize. She heard them silently, with a pale face like some injured queen's, and then, bowing to them full of unconsciousness, motioned Pinckney into the phaeton, which, though much broken, was still standing, and getting in herself, drove slowly home.

"She might have killed herself," thought Pinckney; but he held his peace, as if it were the most natural course of action in the world. To tell the truth, under the circumstances, he might have done the same, alone.

Then it began. Pinckney could not keep this woman out of his head. He would think of her at all times, and even in company. Her face would come to him in the loneliness of crowds; the strong spirit of the morning was hers, and the sadness of the sunset and the wakeful watches of the night. Her face was in the clouds of sunset, in the sea-coal fire by night; her spirit in the dreams of summer noons, in the hopeless breakers on the stormy shores, in the useless, endless effort of the sea. Her shadow fell across all the pages of their books, and the breakers churning at their base, but he saw that she was walking erect and fearless. Finally she motioned him to let her go ahead, and she led the way, choosing indiscriminately the straight path, whether on the verge of the sea or leading through green meadows. A few carelessly remarks were made by him, and then he saw the folly of it, and they walked in silence. After nearly an hour she stopped.

"We must be getting back," she said.

"Yes," said he, in the same tone. And they turned, she still leading the way, while he followed silently. They were walking towards the sunset; the sun was going down in a bank of dense gray cloud, but its long, level rays came over to them across a silent sea. She walked on, over the rugged cliff, like some siren, some genius of the place, with a sure, proud grace of step; she never looked around, and his eyes were fixed upon the black line of her figure as it went before him towar s the gray and blood-red sunset. It seemed to him this was the last hour of his life; and, even as he thought his ankle turned, and he stumbled and fell, walking unwittingly into one of the chasms where the line of the cliff turned in. He grasped a knuckle of rock and held his fall, just on the brink of a ledge above the sea. Miss Warfield had turned quickly and seen it all, and she leaned down over the brink, with one arm around the rock above and the other extended to help him, the ledge on which he lay being some six feet below. Pinckney grasped her hand and kissed it.

Her color did not change at this, but with a strange strength in her beautiful, lithe figure, she drew him up steadily, he helping partly with the other hand, until his knees rested on the path again. He stood up with some difficulty, as his ankle was badly wrenched.

"I am afraid you cannot walk," said she.

"Oh, yes," he answered, and took a few steps to show her. The pain was great, but she walked on, and he followed as best he could, limping. She looked behind, now, as if to encourage him, and he set his teeth and smiled.

"We must not be late," she said. "It is growing dark, and they will miss us."

But they did not miss them; for when they got to the landing place both the sailboats had left the shore without them. There was nothing but the purple cloud light left by this time; but Pinckney fancied he could see her face grow pale for the first time that day.

"We must get home," she said hurriedly. "Is there no boat?"

Pinckney pointed to a small dory on the beach, and then to the sea. In the east was a black bank of clouds, rifted now and then by lightning, and from it the wind came down, and the white caps curled angrily toward them.

"No matter," said she, "we must go."

Pinckney found a pair of oars under the boat, and dragged it with much labor over the pebbles, she helping him. The beach was steep and gravelly, with short breakers rather than surf, and he got the bow well into the water, and held it there.

"Get in," said he.

Miss Warfield got into the stern, and Pinckney waded out, dragging the flat-bottomed boat until it was well afloat. Then he sprang in himself, and grasping the oars, headed the boat for the Fort point, across the channel, three miles away. She sat silently in the stern, and it was too dark for him to see her face. He rowed savagely.

But the wind was straight ahead, and the sea increasing every moment. They were not, of course, exposed to the full swell of the ocean, but the wide sea channel was full of short, fierce waves, that struck the little skiff repeated rapid blows and dashed the spray over both of them.

"Are you not afraid," said he, calmly. "It is growing rougher every minute."

"Oh, no, Mr. Pinckney," said she. "Pray keep on."

Pinckney noticed a tremor of excitement in her voice, but by a flash of lightning that came just then he saw that her eyes were wide, and the pure white outline of her face undisturbed. So he rowed the harder, and she took a board there was and tried to steer. And now and then as the clouds were lit, he saw her, like a fleeting vision in the night.

But the storm grew stronger, and Pinckney knew the boat that they were in was not really moving at all, though of course the swash of the waves went by, and the drifted spray. He tried to row harder, but with the pain in his ankle and the labor he was nearly exhausted, and his heart pumped in his chest at each recover. "Can you not make it?" said she, in the dark; and Pinckney vowed that he could, and set his teeth for a mighty pull. The oar broke, and the boat's head fell rapidly off in the trough of the sea. He quickly changed about his remaining oar, and with it kept the head to the wind.

"We must go back," he said, panting.

"I know," said she.

The wind storm was fairly upon them, and, in spite of all his efforts, an occasional wave would get upon the beam and spill its frothing crest into the boat. Pinckney almost doubted whether it would float until it reached the shore, but Miss Warfield did not seem in the least disturbed, and spoke without a tremor in her voice. The lightning had stopped now and he could see her.

He had underestimated the force of the wind and waves, however, for in a very few minutes they were driven broadside back upon the beach, almost at the same place from which they had started. Miss Warfield sprang out quickly, and he after, just as a wave turned the dory bottom upward on the stones.

"I will soon send for us," he said. And, stepping painfully up the shore, he occupied himself with spreading her shawl in a sheltered spot for them to wait it. She sat down, and he beside her. He was very wet, and she made him put some of the shawl over himself. The quick summer storm had passed now, with only a few big drops of rain, and the moon was breaking out fitfully through veils of driving clouds and thin storm-seud. By its light he looked at her, and their eyes met. Pinckney groaned aloud and stood up. "Would that they would never come! Would God that we could—"

"We cannot," said she, softly in a voice that he had never heard from her before, a voice with tears in it. And the man threw himself down at her feet, inarticulate, maddened. Then, with a great effort at control, not touching her, but looking straight into her eyes, he said, in blunt, low speech: "Miss Warfield, I love you. Do you know it?"

Her head sank slowly down, but she answered, very low, but clearly, "Yes." Then their eyes met again, and by some common impulse they rose and walked apart. After a few steps he stopped, being lame, and leaned against the cliff, but she went on until her dark figure was blended with the shadows of the crags.

So when the boat came back, its sail silvered by the moonlight, they saw it, and, coming down, they met again, but only as the party were landing on the beach. Several of the party had come back; and Mr. Breeze, who was among them, was full of explanation how he had missed the first boat and nearly caught the second, supposing that his fiance was in the first. An awkward accident, but easily explained by Pinckney, with the strain in his ankle; and indeed the others were too full of excuses for having forgotten them to inquire into the causes of their absence together.

Pinckney went to his room, and had a night of delirium. Towards morning his troubled wakefulness ended, and he fell into a dream. He dreamed that in the centre of the world was one green bower, beneath a blossoming tree, and he and Miss Warfield were there. And the outer world was being destroyed, one sphere by fire and the other by flood, and there was only this bower left. But they could not stay there, or the tree would die. So they went away, he to the one side and she to the other, and the ruins of the world fell upon them, and they saw each other no more.

In the morning his delirium left him, and his will resumed its sway. He went down and out into the green roads, and listened to the singing of the birds, and then out to to cliff path; and there he found Miss Warfield sitting as if she knew he would come. He watched her pure face while she spoke, and her gray eyes; the clear light of the morning was in them, and on the gleaming sea beyond.

"You must go," said she.

"Yes," he said, and that was all. He took her hand for one moment and lifted it lightly to his lips; then he turned and took the path across the fields. When he got to the first stile he looked around; she was still sitting there, turned towards him. He lifted his hat and held it for a second or two, then he turned the corner of the hedge and went down to the town.

Thus it happened that this story, which began sadly, with an epitaph, may end with wedding bells.

"Married, At King's Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. A——, the 21st of September, Charles Austin Pinckney to Emily, daughter of the late James Austin."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

True, if I Said It.

"Why, look here, landlord," said a fussy old gentleman, who had just finished his first night at a pretty Long Island watering place, "I spent the night fighting mosquitoes. I should have been devoured by them had I not fought them incessantly." "They are bad," said the landlord; "lousiwise they was bad to them as ain't used to them." "But there was nothing in your letter to lead me to suppose you had mosquitoes in your house. Bless me, sir, I think you wrote me that you had no mosquitoes." "Quite likely I did, sir," said the landlord. "I would be true if I said it. We hain't got the mosquitoes, they've got us!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Assorted Clerical Duties.

"Does the preacher pray when he comes to your house?" asked a little 5 year-old First ward girl of a companion.

"Oh, no, never," was the quick answer.

"Why doesn't he? He always does when he comes to our house," continued the first, "and tells mamma it's been a season of rest for him."

What does he do when he comes to your house?"

"Oh," replied the young miss, with a sigh, he generally stays to dinner."

Humor.

NOT A SUCCESS.

It was the Sickest Bridal Affair the Man Ever Saw.

Just before Eckson and his wife started on their bridal tour Eckson said: "We want to show people that all newly married are not silly."

"Yes, we do, Henry."

"Now, when we get on the train, let us not pay any attention to each other."

"All right."

"We'll lean apart from each other and act as if we had been married for years, wont we?"

"Yes. Oh, I tell you what would be the funniest idea in the world, Henry. We'll take different seats and after a while we'll get acquainted. Won't that be nice?"

"First class; splendid."

When they boarded the train they took opposite seats. Henry took up a newspaper and Mollie looked at the waving landscape. After a while Henry looked up and sas the conductor sitting with Mollie. Henry chuckled. "Thinks she's in love with him, I reckon," the bridegroom mused. "Believe I'll go forward and take a smoke." His cigar must have been very unsatisfactory, for he soon threw it away and resumed his seat opposite his wife. The conductor was telling an amusing story and Molly was laughing gleefully. She did not even look at her husband.

"This is playing it a little too fine," Henry mused. "I like to see good acting, but she acts acts a little too well."

The train stopped at the station and the conductor got up and went out, but returned immediately and again sat down by Mollie. Just then a young woman came along and asked Henry if she could share his seat. He gladly consented, musing that he could plan even with his wife. A few moments later, while he was talking away with a sweetened thrill of revenge that his wife was looking at him. At the next station the train stopped, and when the conductor went out Henry sat down by Mollie.

"I don't know what you want to sit here for," she snapped. "Why didn't you getoff the train with"——

"What do you want to talk that way for, precious?"

"Precious nothing. Go on; I don't want you here."

"I suppose you would rather talk to the conductor?"

"I'd rather talk to anybody that will treat me with respect."

"Now, darling"——

"Darling nothing. I'm going to get off the train and go home, that's what I'm going to do."——

"Mollie"——

"Mollie nothing. Go on, I don't want you here."

"Now, don't be foolish. You know how you carried on with the conductor. Never saw him before, either."

"The mischief I haven't. He's my uncle. I was going to introduce you to him, but I didn't want him to know we were married until just before we got off the train."

"Mollie?"

"What?"

"Won't you forgive me?"

"I ought not to, you are so mean."

"I was jealous, and"——

"Jealous?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know you loved me enough to be jealous."

"But I do. Don't you love me just a little?"

"Yes, more than you do me."

"No."

"Yes."

"No, you don't, precious."

"Yes, I do, darling."

"If those people were not looking I'd kiss you." Henry, after a short silence, remarked.

"It's none of their business."

"Put your head on my shoulder. There."

He put his arms around her, and, when he found no one was looking, kissed her.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"I adore you."

"You make me awful unhappy."

"You will live with me, won't you?"

"Yes, always. We like the old-fashioned bridal tour the best, don't we?"

"Yes."

"And we don't care how many people are looking, do we?"

"No."

"And if they don't like it they can get off the train, can't they?"

"Yes, and you will live with me, won't you?"

"I couldn't live without you."

"I couldn't live without you, either."

"Because you love me, don't you?"

"Yes, because you love me, don't you?"

Just then a man got up, opened a valise, took out a piece of cake and handed it to Henry, and said:

"It's yours. Take it."

"I don't want it."

"But you have earned it."

"I won't have it."

The man threw the cake on the seat, and as he made a break for the forward car, said:

"That is the sickest bridal affair I ever saw, and I used to be a captain of a steamboat."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

No Name For It.

We were traveling by rail from Liverpool to London. In the next apartment were the Pathfinder, the Other Pirate, the Man from Ohio, an Englishman who was a stranger to us and myself. The stranger was less exclusive than most Englishmen. He actually spoke to us without an introduction. Pointing out of the window, he said:

"Thawt's the Avon."

"What is?" said the man from Chicago.

"Why thawt, don't ye know—the river."

"Call that a river?"

"Why, yaas, what would you call it?"

"O, we wouldn't call it at all. In America we wouldn't give a little gutter like that a name."

"Aw."

Long pause, during which the Briton seemed to be reaching around somewhere after his intellect.

"I have never been in your country, ye know, but from what I've heard I presume your rivers and mountains are quite extensive."

"Quite."

"I've just heard you say you'd been up Ben Lomond. Now wouldn't you call thawt a mountain in your country?"

"Good gracious, no. Wouldn't think of it."

"Aw."

"No, wouldn't call that a mountin."

"And—aw—might I awsk what you would call it, ye know?"

"That's a wart."

"Yaas, Ben Lomond."

"We'd call that a wart."

"Aw"—*Texas Siftings.*

Why a Pretty Girl Sat in the Park and Looked Very Sad.

He was rather sentimental, and he and his friend were in the park. A little way off two ladies were seated. One of them was very pensive, and extremely pretty. She was resting her cheek on her hand, and her eyes were full of far-off contemplation.

"She is pretty, isn't she?" said he. "By Jove, I'm falling in love with that girl. I wonder who the fellow is she's thinking about? I say, wouldn't it be pleasant to think a pretty girl like that could sit and dream about you as she dreaming about somebody, Let's walk past and look at her."

So they walked slowly past. The maiden was still wrapt in contemplation, and as they passed, her companion said, quite distinctly:

"Now, Emily, this is all foolishness. Let's go to Dr. —— and let him take the tooth out."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Familiar With Human Nature.

"I suppose," said Dumley, after he had registered, to the hotel clerk, "that when a guest has no baggage his personal appearance has more or less to do with making him pay in advance."

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, "in this business we soon learn to size a man up. Will you have your trunk sent to your room, Mr.—er—Dumley?"

"No, I haven't any baggage. I only expect to be in town a day or so."

"Four dollars, please."

The City Boy Learns Something.

A Baltimore & Ohio train was rushing along through some swamps in Northern Indiana. The track was fringed on either side with "cat-tails," literally thousands of their bushy heads bobbing around in the breeze. A small boy had his nose glued to the window-pane and his young eyes for a time eagerly drank in the scenery. He was evidently a city-bred boy, for he presently exclaimed:

"Mamma, I didn't know that sausages grew in that way."

BURDETTE.

A Batch of His Latest Sayings From the Brooklyn Eagle.

The *Medical Record* discusses the question, "How to Sleep," and gives a long, scientific formula for inducing sleep. What's the matter with going to church?

It is announced that a man out West has started a newspaper under the name of *The Serpent.* As the editor is a candidate for the Legislature, he had better call his paper *The Angle Worm.*

Adamascobite is the name given by science to a newly discovered mineral found in Missouri, which will cut steel. We don't ask a bite of such a mineral, and we don't give—Copy, sir? Yes, sir; all ready, sir.

"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Uppercen. "I'd like to make his life miserable!" "Tell you what," said her husband warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musical. We'll torture him!"

You see, the case was one in which a coal mine was the bone of contention, and when the clerk swore the first witness to tell "the hole truth," Judge Dunderhead solemnly rebuked him for misplaced and unseemly levity.

Any benevolent family wishing to adopt a young orphan female, will be pleased to learn that by the death of her parents a young Philadelphia girl has been left alone in the world with only $5,000,000 in her own right.

Scientists who have studied the subject of longevity say that people live longer in France and Ireland than in any other countries in the world. Oh, well, if Irish funerals are as expensive in Ireland as they are here, we should think the natives would try to live forever.

"Can't raise much on this land except mortgages, can you?" asked Mr. Smartboy, loitering through his vacation. "Can't raise them worse'n anything else," replied the honest farmer. "Leastwise there's one on this farm I ben tryin' to raise fur seven years an' I can't hoist it a foot."

The only trouble with the foreign policy of the republic just now seems to be that it is "slow, but not sure." However, it is best not to judge prematurely; when the right time comes for us to know, it may appear to be even slower and more not sure than we think. So let us be patient and give it the benefit of the doubt.

Party lines are certainly being obliterated year by year. Jefferson Davis, in a speech in New Orleans, publicly declared that he would not vote the Democratic ticket this year. P. S.—He won't vote any other ticket, either; but that doesn't make any difference. His manly utterance shows that the party whip has lost its cracker, and that the limp figure of the invertebrate Mugwump is standing erect as a tow string.

A "DUTCH" PRIMARY.

Over the Rhine in Cincinnati—How the Chairman Run Things.

The smartest man I ever saw "in charge" of a primary was an old Dutchman (I am not a candidate for anything this year myself, consequently I use the phrase "old Dutchman" rather than get up and take down "grental old German" from its duty pigeon hole) "over the Rhine" in Cincinnati. The voice of the meeting was rather against the chairman, and he saw it, but he didn't hear it, and he kept the meeting by the ear, and insisted that the meeting himself from hearing it. He also managed to decide from all motions offered by the majority and carry all resolutions offered by the minority. Of course, you know, a primary "over the Rhine," in the city of McLeanville, is rather more German than a mass meeting in Berlin. Well, every vote was a "ja" and "nein" vote, and the chairman always contrived to make the majority squeak out the thin "nein," while the minority roared the good, mouth-filling "yaw!" An obnoxious motion would be introduced. Anxious looks on the countenances of the oppressive minority turned to the chairman to see how he stood in front. He was always calm, always ready, always in "battery." Rising slowly to his feet he put the question with impressive, honest deliberation. "Der motion was in favor of defeading dot raisolution will say ja." "Yaw!" bawled the exultant minority, in a roar that made the gas flicker. "All odbosed to defeading der raisolution, say nein." "Nein!" thinly squeaked the exasperated majority. "Der raisolution was defeaded," calmly announced the chair, and the wrath and woe of the crowd utterly drowned the triumphant shouts of the minority. It was of no use to appeal from the chair or call for a division, he always got the "yaws" on his side. I don't remember who he was or where he is now, maybe Uncle Doc does, but he ought to be governor of Ohio.—*Burdette.*

She Passed.

Scene—Street car, Saturday afternoon. Dramatic persons—Three young ladies, treasury clerks, and ultra-exquisite dude, strangers all around. Dude (to young lady nearest fare-box)—Aw, may I trouble you, miss, to pwas my fwaish," handing the young lady a quarter, which she "dwops" into the "wox." Dude fidgets about a few moments, and then, addressing the young lady, says: "Aw, pawdon me, miss, but that was a qwartah you dwopped in the bwox." Young lady (graciously)—"Oh! was it? Well, I guess they'll let you ride for a quarter." Dude sucks his cane and tries to think.—*Washington Critic.*

Lincoln's Advice to a Friend.

An autograph letter that I would like to own was shown to me a few days ago. "A. Lincoln" was boldly signed at the end of it, and this wisdom was there, paragraphed in this wise:

"Do not worry.

"Eat three square meals a day.

"Say your prayers.

"Think of your wife.

"Be courteous to your creditors,

"Keep your digestion good.

"Steer clear of the biliousness.

"Exercise.

"Go slow and go easy.

"Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—*

Recent Literature.

"St. John's Eve and Other Stories," by Nikolai V. Gogol, is the second of a series now in the course of publication, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, of this author's works. As an author Golgol stands among the very first in Russia, and his writings give the most vivid picture of the nature of the Russian peasant, his superstitions, and their effect upon his life, his character, and all that concerns him. In this book of stories the marvelous abounds, but it also enters into the daily living of the people whom Golgol desires to bring before the reader. His field of observations is the village, and his heros are half-barbarous peasants, Cossack lads, who have the simplest of souls, scarcely any intellectual training, but whose utter lack of all artificiality constitute the fascination of these recitals. They will be found very entertaining, especially by those who are interested in the peculiar superstitions of any people.

Another book, issued by the same house, but of an entirely different character, is entitled "Thoughts," by Joseph Roux, a French parish priest. The work has been exceeding popular in France, and is now translated into English by Isabel F. Hapgood. It is made up, much of it, of short, pithy expressions of opinions, which will pass into aphorisms. The author had never published anything until he was 50 years old, but as soon as the public became familiar with the first of his books, his fame was assured.

The following is the opening of the chapter on "Literature, Poets:"

In the "Story of the Nations," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes that of "Hungary," written by Arminius Vambery, a professor at the university of Buda Festh, and one well fitted to present an attractive account of that country. In his preface he says that it is not a history which he has prepared, but simply an account which covers the "salient events, the most noteworthy personalities and the most thrilling episodes" of a thousand years. It is certainly a most pleasantly written "story," and gives a most excellent idea of the Hungarian past and present. Although the writer has made no effort to trace out the philosophy of the events. It is a valuable addition to the series.

"The Life of Robert Fulton, and a History of Steam Navigation," by Thomas W. Knox, is a pleasant volume, also issued by the Putnams. There is always a species of fascination lingering around one who has done what has so entirely revolutionized the world as did this son of a plain Pennsylvania farmer. The story of his early days, when his boyish mind was full of ideas entirely unlike those which occupied his schoolmates, and he was making the experiments that led up to his great invention, is well told and exceedingly interesting. In the history of steam navigation which forms the latter half of the volume, many valuable facts are given. The book is well illustrated.

From Clark, Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass., comes a pamphlet entitled, "Perfect Bread," by Cathrine Owen, which is one of the best collections of recipes for the making of all kinds of this "staff of life" that has ever been given to the public. The directions are clear and yet concise, and the merest tyro in housekeeping cannot fail of success by following them strictly. Price, 25c.

A pleasant story in paper covers is "Gloria Victis," a romance in German by Ossip Schubin, which is translated by Mary Maxwell, and publised by William S. Gottsberger, New York. The plot is well laid and carried out, the principal characters are charming people, and the only drawback is that the ending is not of the orthodox style giving happiness and content to all in whom the reader has become interested. Price 50 cents.

"Young Folks' Entertainments" is a little book issued by the National School of Elocution and Gratory of Philadelphia, for the use of schools. There is a variety of choruses, tableaux, dialogues, motion pieces, making a collection which will be found very useful. They have been written by E. C. I. J. Rook, and are all of high moral character.

From the same publishers comes "The Elocutionist's Annual," the fourteenth of a series under that title. The present volume is compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, and is made up of new and popular readings, recitations, declamations, dialogues, etc., taken from the best literature of the day. Price 50 cents.

Cassell & Company, New York, have just issued another of their paper-covered books of entertaining fiction. This one is entitled "Checkmated" from its leading story. Price 15 cents.

"The Diary of Samuel Pepys" is the 33rd number in Cassells National Literary. Price 10 cents.

William R. Jenkins, New York, issues as No. 15 of his series entitled "Theatre Contemporain" the French Dram, "La Fille de Roland" in four acts, the authoe being Henri de Bornier. These little books contain some of the brightest and best of the brightest and best of the works of the leading French dramatic writers, and are a great help to French scholars. Price 25 cents.

Literary Notes.

Walter Besant is writing a biography of Lord Peterborough.

Tom Paine's bones are said to be in the possession of an English preacher.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish "A Century of Electricity," by Prof. T. C. Mendenhall.

Matthew Arnold contributes to the October number of the *Century* a paper on "Common Schools Abroad."

George Ohnet, the author of "Le Maitre des Forges," is about to publish a story entitled "Volonte."

It is reported that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has declined to answer any paper on "Female Suffrage" written by "Ouida."

Frank R. Stockton has written a serial novel for the *Century*, to begin in November and run through twelve numbers. It will be called "The Hundreth Man."

Kate Greenaway's illustrations to Bret Harte's new story for children, "The Queen of the Pirate Isle," will be printed in colors.

Frederick Barnard has made a series of drawings in illustration of Thackeray's works, and Cassell & Co. will publish the collection.

The *Brooklyn Magazine* will be two years old next month. Edith M. Thomas, Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, William H. Hilding, Fanny Davenport, Dr. Talmage and Anna Katherine Green are to contribute to the October number.

Howard Seely, author of "A Lone Star Bo-Peep" and "A Ranchman's Stories" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has recently finished a novel of Texan life entitled "Cynthia Dallas; a Nymph of the Colorado."

It is reported that Gen. Lew Wallace has exercised his artistic powers in making illustrations for "Ginevra," a forthcoming story, written by Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Whittaker has compiled a volume of what he calls "True Words for Brave Men," from the unprinted sermons of the late Charles Kingsley, and publishes it about the first of the month.

Ex-Minister William Waldorf Astor, who, since the publication of his novel, "Valentino," has come to be the subject of endless literary paragraphs, is not writing a play, as rumor would have us believe.

Paul L. Ford, of Brooklyn, has compiled and will publish, under the title of "Bibliotheca Hamiltoniana," 500 copies of a list of books written by or relating to Alexander Hamilton. The volume will be uniform with Lodge's edition of the works of Hamilton, and the price will be $2.50.

King Humbert, of Italy, has published an edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which he dedicates to his son, the young Prince of Naples, "in the hope that this divine poem may strengthen his mind and prepare his heart to worship the literature of his country."

"The Bow of Orange Ribbon" is a forthcoming story of New York, the time being just after the occupation of the city by the British, and the heroine being a Dutch girl, who loves an English officer. The author is Mrs. Barr, the publishers Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Why Is It

That the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla continues at such a rapidly increasing rate? It is—

1st: Because of the positive curative value of Hood's Sarsaparilla itself.

2d: Because of the conclusive evidence of remarkable cures effected by it, unsurpassed and seldom equalled by any other medicine. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing many statements of cures.

HOUSEKEEPERS WANTED.

Opportunities for a Good Article of That Particular Kind.

There is now an increasing opportunity in this country for women to find employment as housekeepers. As mode of living and claims of society become more complex, their aid will more frequently be required in our homes. It is possible that young people may some time be trained for this work, but at present it is oftenest taken up by women thrown upon their own resources without any previous special training, but whose home experience or domestic tastes incline them to this way of self support. Ideally there can be no pleasanter work for a woman. It is sheltered without very wearing business responsibility and its successes often win a peculiar gratitude. It is a privilege to provide home comfort and cheer, even though one be not the owner and head of the home. The housekeeper, even if her nature be not wholly practical, all the more, perhaps, for her possessing some ideality, finds her duties congenial because they are home duties. Even though she may be placed in an institution or boarding-school, her effort must still be to make it a larger home. She is aiming at pleasantness in the range of rooms that are her world; that is why she does not tire of them. Bright windows, clean floors, nicely appointed table—there is a satisfaction in securing these, because one is thus forming the background or foundation for all manner of higher delight and cheer. That one may legitimately give one's self up to this work to the exclusion of claims more difficult and responsible, such as the management of church or social welfare, which many a wife and mother must take in addition to her housekeeping, is in itself a rest to the feelings of some women.

Housekeeping is also very healthful work. It requires constant bodily activity if only in oversight. From garret to cellar one's presence must be known, and the housekeeper best supplied with help finds occasion enough in practical teaching or lending a hand to supply deficiencies to keep her blood in very active circulation. The work imposes no undue tax upon the brain, that most easily victimized of our members by modern civilization, yet it keeps every faculty of thought and feeling busy in the various contingencies that daily arise.

The housekeeper gains an appreciation of quiet comfort known to few women in like degree; and in right circumstances she has some opportunity to secure it. No woman learns better than she what the four walls of her own home can be to her when an hour of quiet comes. She has had activity enough to give her a zest for the book or newspaper or bit of sewing she may take up there. Thought, which has been shut out by business, rushes in now with a flood tide, and behold, every rock and stump of the day's material cares has hidden some secret spring to swell the flow of thought. That is as God has ordered it in this double, earthly and spiritual life of ours. In all English novels how often and how pleasantly allusion is made to the housekeeper's room; remembrances of homely comfort hang about it. Cheering cups of tea are dispensed there; cleanly fragrances as lavender pervade it; plants grow in the windows—for all whose lives are a good deal limited by house walls delight in the culture of plants. They are a miniature world of nature brought inside the home for convenience of resource. But the real charm of the place is in a serene and comfortable presence, always free to minister to wants, hear grievances or relieve ailments.—*Good Housekeeping.*

BUILDING FOR EARTHQUAKES.

Houses Should be on Movable Bases and of One Story.

The *Sanitary Engineer* reprints the essential parts of a paper written by Prof. John Milne, of the Imperial college of engineering in Tokio. Prof. Milne has made a study of earthquake motion in Japan, with reference to its effect upon buildings. His conclusions are bold and original. In earthquake regions he would support all buildings upon two horizontal cast iron plates, between which there should be cast iron shot one-quarter of an inch in diameter. He would build the foundation deep and free from surrounding earth. There are minor suggestions, such as the avoidance of all arches that form angles in the abutments, and the substitution of joints curving elliptically into the abutments; care not to place windows and doors vertically over each other, since such an arrangement forms a line of weakness in the wall; the abolition of high buildings and steeply pitched roofs, and a general system of construction which shall make the upper part of the walls and the roofs as light as possible. The main feature of Prof. Milne's plan, however, is the insulation of the structure by means of a movable base, so that the force of the shock may be expended in rolling the whole house about harmlessly, instead of sending its walls and wrenching its joints.

A city built on this plan, of course, would be a very different thing from the cities that we have now. It would consist of light, low buildings, and it would therefore cover a greater extent of territory. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that a population living on the ground floor over round shot, and rolled around several inches or several feet every day in the year, might be as happy and as prosperous in the cultivation of the domestic virtues and the pursuit of wealth as the inhabitants of a ten-story town.

PITH AND POINT

Of the Anti-Saloon Republican Convention at Chicago.

Chicago Herald.

Delegate Dunne, of Maine—The greatest evil that threatens the country to-day is the saloon.

Delegate Hiram Price, of Iowa—The Republican Bible reads: "Look not upon the wine when it is red." The Democrats don't read the Bible. The star of Bethlehem rests over the school house.

Delegate Gen. Conway, of New York—The best way to talk to the saloon is to yell: "Down with the saloon."

Delegate Rev. Eswell Lathrop, of Minnesota—I'm a Methodist, but I told the brethren that this convention was away ahead of a camp meeting. There are two roads for us to follow. One leads to premature and ignominious death, the other to political immortality.

Delegate Judge Sayler, of Indiana—The saloon is a marauder, and as a marauder it should be given a short shrift and a sudden death.

Delegate R. M. Hatfield, of Illinois—If salvation comes from the grogshop at all it will be through the Republican party. I am a radical of radicals. I have been steeped in radicalism to the hips.

Delegate Edwin Lee Brown—I believe Adam got drunk. He didn't eat an apple.

Delegate Chapin, president of Beloit college—I regard the Republican party as the representative of morality and all that is good.

Delegate James, of Illinois—The rum interest of Illinois is not only controlled by the Democratic party, but it runs the Republican party of the state.

Delegate Prentiss, of Kansas—We keep the Democratic party in Kansas for just the same reason that they keep a sand bag in a gymnasium—to thump it.

A Queer but True Story.

When the false report was first published that the island of Cuba had been destroyed by the earthquake, a Scranton barber told of it to a tailor friend in the latter's store. A tailoress working in a room upstairs heard him, as she was passing through, say that the Isle of Cuba had disappeared during the previous night, and that three captains had failed to find it. When she returned to her work on the floor above she informed her nineteen companions that Mr. B. had told Mr. A. that all the oil of Cuba had disappeared from his barber shop on the previous evening, and that his three assistants had failed to find it. The young ladies were much distressed at what they believed to be the work of bold, bad burglars, and their sympathies went out to Mr. B., who is a very genial gentleman. The burglary was the subject of discussion during the morning, and there were many theories among the ladies as to what the oil of Cuba was. Some thought it was a preparation for mustaches, and others argued that it was cologne. When the ladies went to dinner at noon they circulated the story, and hundreds of people called at the barber shop during the balance of the day to learn of the burglary. The result was that Mr. B. did an unusually large business, and so gratified was he at the advertisement that he presented each of the twenty pretty young ladies with a bottle of fine cologne.

Caught Their Mother.

The Schumacher boys of Conestoga, Canada, learned their fishpoles against an apple tree in the garden with the lines dangling. As their mother was walking in the garden the wind blew one of the lines toward her, the hook caught in her nose, and she suffered for an hour before the doctor came and cut it out.

—Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 per year for both publications, the Magazine, under its large and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of beautiful gold colored picture cards sent to any one for 10 cents. Address O. J. Gilmour 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis Mo.

SLEEPING WITH HORACE GREELEY.

A Brooklynite Tells an Eagle Contributor a Novel Experience with the Philosopher.

Said the gentleman to me:

"Years ago, I was staying with a friend in a flourishing town in New Jersey, on a short visit. He was a public spirited man and worthily desired to become a popular one. He thought that if he secured Horace Greeley to deliver an address to the citizens of the place, they would be both gratified and instructed.

"Mr. Greeley accepted the invitation and his acceptance was widely announced. He was to arrive at my friend's house the evening before the day appointed and was to speak the afternoon of that day. The sudden illness of a relative called my friend away, and he enjoined on me to represent the facts to Mr. Greeley and to make him feel at home.

"I was a young man then, had met the philosopher only once before and that casually. You may imagine that I was desirous of having him appreciate the hospitality of our host, especially as the latter had made me his representative.

"Mr. Greeley was expected at 8 p. m. but the Camden and Amboy road ran as it pleased in those days, and when the train had not arrived at 11 the family felt more regret than surprise and closed up the house for the night. I occupied the room over the porch, in which were two large, old fashioned mahogany four posters, one of them meant for the expected guest.

"About half an hour after midnight I was awakened by a furious assault on the outer door, made by some one working the old brass knocker for all it was worth. The strokes were the impetuous ones of an impatient and angry man. Raising the window, I inquired who was there?

"'Horace Greeley,' was the quick reply.

"I hastened down, let him in, explained the circumstances and expressed the hope that he was not ignorant of the delays of the Camden & Amboy railroad company.

"'I've had a liberal education on that subject to night,' he repried, 'and shall give the readers of the *Tribune* full information on the matter.'

"With this expression of an intention to make a newspaper article of his mishaps, Mr. Greeley became quite cheerful. The purpose seemed to relieve his mind. He chatted pleasantly, undressed quickly and, to my surprise, tumbled into the same bed I was occupying, with the brief request 'to get over a little.'

"Soon we both went to sleep. After awhile I was awakened by a terrific nudging in the ribs and found it came from the very acute elbow of my bedfellow.

"'What do you want, Mr. Greeley?' I asked.

"'Nothing,' he replied, in a high falsetto, but with uncommon meekness of spirit, 'except that I do wish you would keep your feet off my stomach.'

"The request was so reasonable that I complied, and so funny that I laughed, saying to him:

"'The other bed was intended for you.'

"'Why didn't you tell me so?' he inquired.

"'Because,' I rejoined quickly, 'I wanted to be able to say I slept with Horace Greeley.'

"That was but the truth, yet I saw that the implied compliment did not displease him. He immediately and very drily remarked:

"'Well, Horace Greeley, to be able to say that he slept at all, will take another bed.' And he did.

"On awakening in the morning I discovered that the old man had dressed and had gone down stairs. I found him hard at work at the writing desk in the study, driving a quill as fast as his hand would let him. When he got to the twentieth page he rolled up the manuscript tightly till it looked like the barrel of a bass pistol, and directed it to 'Sidney Howard Gay, *Tribune* Office, New York,' and in the corner wrote, 'Must, to-morrow, H. G.'

"It turned out to be a ferocious attack on the Camden & Amboy Railway company, as he had promised the night before.

"During the day the house filled up with other guests, among them many lady friends of the Squire's daughters. We were the guests of the Squire. After the address in the afternoon, Mr. Greeley consented to stay over night, and then went for a drive with the host, who had returned that morning. I was detained by a bad headache and went up to my room to lie down. As I neared the door several mischievous looking girls emerged from it with, 'Excuse us, we were merely looking around to see that everything was made comfortable for Mr. Greeley.'

"Something in their manner led me, who had had experience with the tricks of girls, to make an examination. That examination led me quietly to move the bedstead I had occupied over to where the one was which Mr. Greeley had occupied and the latter over to where the other one had been. I held my peace and retired early. On the philosopher's coming to bed somewhat spirits, undressed quickly, put out the light, and got into bed. At least he tried to do so, but not with entire success.

"'What in thunder's the matter with this bed?' he asked, but as I was apparently asleep, no answer came from me. He shook a mustache made in hasty imposition while the flame lasted and tried to get in bed again.

"'Feels like I was in a blamed bag,' he muttered. Then there was a sound of a furious struggle in the bed. The old man, at this time, got up, swearing like a pirate. He lighted the lamp, and strode with firm tread and huge many appointed, but in only one garment, toward the door, declaring that he would be blanked and double blanked, if he didn't find out what the matter was.

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My heart went out to that man. I hoped he would not be killed. I wished I had the aiming of the guns. He lifted his hand in salute to the visor of his cap. He turned his white horse and rode slowly across the open ground where shot and shell were thickly coursing. Dust rose above him. Tiny clouds of smoke almost hid him from view. Shot struck the ground and slapped past him, but he did not urge his horse out of a walk. He rode as though lost in meditation and deaf to the uproar that raged around him. He rode into the woods, disappeared in the timber and was safe. With a "thank God that that brave man was not killed" I rejoined my gun and resumed work at the fruitless task of trying to batter down a sand-bank.

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Loved Above His Station.

Private letters which we have received from Madrid state that Spanish society has been thrown into excitement by the sudden exile of one of the handsomest and most dashing officers of the queen's guards. The officer was continually on duty in and about the royal palace. He fell violently in love with his sovereign, and, making no concealment of his passion, revealed it in various ways. One day he made his way to the queen's boudoir, and, throwing himself at her majesty's feet, poured fourth his tale of passion. But, alas for his devotion! the queen banished him from her presence, and hinting to her ministers that his absence would contribute to the repose of her mind, the secretary of War intervened. He signed an order next day ordering the removal of the cavalry regiment to which the officer is attached to a town remote from the capital. The gentleman belongs to a powerful aristocratic family. Nevertheless, he is likely to have a warm time in the regiment, which, in consequence of his escapade, has been ordered into virtual exile.

A Constitutional Remedy, Not One Merely Local.

The trouble with consumptives is that the ailment is generally supposed to be in the throat and so, under the impression that it is nothing very serious, is neglected until too late. Tubercles are deposited in the lungs earlier than many people think. Give speedy attention to this. There is a stage at which consumption is not a merely local disease; it is constitutional. Then it is the lungs that are specially "consumed." But the consumptive patient is ailing all over and needs to be vitalized all over if he would be well.

The case of Mr. Turner, an English gentleman, who went all the way from his home to Colorado to be cured, is in this connection deeply interesting. The air of Colorado was too stimulating for a man whose right lung was a depository of tubercles. He became worse and worse. But he read about Compound Oxygen and procured a Home Treatment. At once there was a marvelous improvement. His fever slept better and his appetite and digestion were altogether renewed. In due course his lungs became quite free from tubercles. Some time afterwards he wrote:

"*And this recovery has proved permanent.* Twelve months have passed and I am better than I was then. Though prostrated during a long summer by the great and continuous heat (having been always affected by a high temperature—there was no return of any symptoms of the old malady, and to-day I regard myself and am regarded by my friends, as cured.

"Hence, I believe Compound Oxygen is all that you claim for it, and have pleasure in testifying what great things it has done for me."

If Mr. Turner's case were the only one on record it would be a great encouragement to consumptives. Happily there are hundreds of other and similar victories wrought by Compound Oxygen. You may read about them in the treatise which will be sent you free if you write for it to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

WHEN MARY DIED.

The Story of a Heart-Broken Man.

I had not met my old schoolmate in three years. We had been good friends since we were boys, and though letters had told the principal events of our lives to each other, still letters, even at their best, leave much to be said when friends meet face to face. I had not heard from him directly in many months, but unexpectedly having business in his city my wife had enjoined upon me to learn every detail from him of the last days of his wife, who had been her schoolmate and confidante also, and to bring him and his baby back with me for a good long visit.

After the first greetings he led me to his private office, telling the clerks we were not to be disturbed by any one, or on any business, and there we sat down facing each other for a long talk. We were both rather slow in coming to the point, but at last I said:

"Tell me all about your troubles, Tom."

"I don't know where to begin."

"Begin with Mary's sickness. I am interested in it all."

"When the baby came there was not a man in the world with whom

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published, we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner "Medical Bureau," or "Dr. ——."

4.—No answers will be sent by mail, in any case whatever; so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature and cause of the disease. The will enable us to prescribe more definitely.

6.—Queries will be answered strictly in the order received.

Let Us Hear From You.

We request those who have received treatment through the Bureau to write us, mentioning the number of the case, and the success of the treatment. We shall be especially pleased to hear reports from those who have used Ayer's Pills. A word from you will be full pay for the loss of a letter, the result of the use of a single box of these Pills will be worth to you many times the price you paid for them, and there are many cases made known to the Bureau, where a few doses of Ayer's Pills, at the right time, have prevented a spell of sickness, which, if indulged, would have resulted seriously. Pills, which have received the highest commendations for their mildness, efficiency, and certainty of action, are Ayer's Pills, manufactured by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by druggists and dealers in medicine, everywhere. Ayer's Pills have been in constant demand for nearly forty years, and have received, in that time, the confidence of the public, and the approval of the medical profession, to a degree attained by no other pill. Ayer's Pills, by reason of their great power, should be taken with discretion, in proper quantities, and not more frequently than required. Ayer's Pills, when their use is discontinued, do not leave the bowels in a worse condition than before taking them, as is the case with many pills. Ayer's Pills, by their prompt action, have established a reputation for reliability, which is not equaled by any other pill. Ayer's Pills, by their searching power, have made many remarkable cures, which are recorded in the Bureau letters. Ayer's Pills, by their purifying effect, have prevented many attacks of fever, ague, and other diseases, which, but for the timely use of this medicine, would have followed. Ayer's Pills, by their regulating power, have relieved many cases of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and other disorders, which, but for the timely use of this medicine, would have become chronic. Ayer's Pills, by their sugar coating, are rendered pleasant to take, and are the best pill for children to use. Ayer's Pills, by their alterative action, have cured many cases of scrofula, which, but for the timely use of this medicine, would have developed into consumption. Ayer's Pills, by their cathartic action, have relieved many cases of headache, indigestion, constipation, and costiveness, which, but for the timely use of this medicine, would have become chronic. Ayer's Pills, by their tonic effect, have cured many cases of debility, which, but for the timely use of this medicine, would have developed into consumption. Ayer's Pills, by their cathartic action, have relieved many cases of rheumatism

TOLEDO BLADE.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

In the present autumn does not witness a good condition of general business, it will certainly not be because there is a lack of hope, confidence and cheerfulness among business men. In New York, and in fact in all the great trade centers, the general tendency of opinion among merchants and financiers is that the country will experience the benefits of an upward movement along the whole line of trade. Not for a long time past has there been a better feeling in business circles than now seems to prevail in all the great centres of activity. It is a healthful, wholesome feeling, based not on extravagant hopes, but on a sagacious and temperate view of trade conditions. The indications are that the country will begin an era of sound and prosperous business, and that it will not be accompanied, for the present at least, by the extravagance and recklessness which beget disaster. The trade reports for the past week are all of the most favorable character, save for Charleston and other Southern points affected by the earthquake, where there is still a partial business paralysis.

THE headlong rush of wheat deliveries from the spring wheat states, where a large relative deficiency of supply exists, has controlled the general market both East and West, both for spring and winter wheat. The influence of large deliveries and urgent sales has been very naturally to give buyers the advantage, even in a situation where ultimate promise is more favorable to sellers or holders than has been known at any time since 1880. We are giving Europe a full supply at buyers' prices, unmindful of the fact that our surplus is thereby reduced enormously, and that the time is coming when the seller should dictate the prices. This policy should be abandoned. France and England alone will be compelled to buy 210,000,000 bushels somewhere, and other foreign requirements are largely above the average.

THIS year's Russian wheat yield shows a falling off of about 30,000,000 bushels, or 50 per cent of the entire crop. This will have an important bearing on the price of wheat everywhere, and will render tolerably certain a marketing of the entire exportable surplus of the United States at somewhat of an advance.

DURING the first two months of the present fiscal year—July and August—the exports of the United States amounted to $103,960,716, showing a gain of $14,085,000, or about 16 per cent., as compared with 1885. In the meanwhile, the return merchandise imports expanded $14,437,000, and amounted to $114,332,472. The imports consequently exceeded the greatly enlarged exports even more than in 1885, the difference against us being $10,392,000, against $9,964,000. In the twelve months ended August 31, the exports exceeded the imports by $43,689,000, against $152,771,000 in 1884-'85.

A RUMOR comes from Washington that Minister GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who is expected to arrive in New York by Friday of next week, intends to retire from diplomatic service. His name has been mentioned as a probable successor to Sec. MANNING, who will undoubtedly retire from the treasury immediately after, if not before the November elections.

OUR fat-witted President has fallen largely in the estimation of a portion of our Southern brethren. Mr. WM. FALK, a leading merchant of Charleston, in an interview in regard to the earthquake, assails CLEVELAND in bitter language for his failure to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

PROCTOR, the astronomer, embraces the opportunity to give WIGGINS a deserved lecture, and argues with reference to the late Charleston shake, that it is exceedingly probable that the imprisoned forces of the earth beneath the American continent have for a while found relief, and that no great earthquake will occur in the same region for many years, possibly centuries.

HERE are a couple of interesting facts to the people of the United States: In 1865 the public debt amounted to $78.25 *per capita*. Last year it amounted to only $24.14. In 1865 the *per capita* portion of the annual interest charge was $4.29. Last year it was but 83 cents.

THE Canadians along the Northwestern border are enterprising. The general land office has received news of the seizure by government agents of timber which some Canadians were cutting south of the forty-ninth parallel.

THE civil service pretense is becoming thinner and thinner. It is now shown that there have been numerous removals of good men to make places for political hacks in the Indian Department at Washington.

A NEW trade treaty has been agreed upon between England and the United States, which, it is announced, only needs the approval of the Canadian authorities to insure its adoption.

THE Live Stock commissioners have concluded their investigations into the disease among the distillery cattle in Chicago, and there is no doubt but that it is pleuro-pneumonia.

ONE more Democratic sensation gone glimmering: the coast survey investigation has collapsed.

IN the case of the Knights of Labor, on trial in Missouri for conspiracy in engaging in a strike, the jury found them not guilty. This decision is sensible. Any number of men have the right to quit their employer at one time, if they see fit. But they have not the right to prevent any other man or body of men from taking the positions they have vacated.

THE state campaign in Tennessee is the most remarkable that has ever taken place in the United States. "BOB" TAYLOR is the Democratic candidate for governor, and "ALF" TAYLOR, his brother, is the Republican nominee for the same office. The brothers are stumping the state together, in a grand joint debate. Bob tells funny stories, and makes the multitude laugh; ALF is a logician, a thinker, and compels the assent of the more intelligent and better educated of the joint audience. The brothers debate on the same platform, room at the same hotel, travel together on the cars and appeal to the sufferages of the same audiences. The Democratic candidate wants it understood that any one who insults the Republican candidate insults him. The Republican candidate says he loves his brother, but hopes the Democrats will be defeated. Bob goes in for a reduction of the tariff; ALF appeals for public education and the passage of the Blair bill. On the stump the two brothers exchange sharp hits, but the speeches over they repair to the hotel and play violin duets. The contest will show whether brains or bosh is the controlling influence with the majority of Tennesseeans.

GEN. "ROONEY" LEE has been nominated for Congress in the Eighth Virginia district. He is the youngest son of the late Gen. ROBERT E. LEE.

HENRY GEORGE has been nominated for mayor of New York by the Central Labor Union.

THE Louisiana orange crop is said to be a complete failure this year, in consequence of the severe freeze last winter. Instead of fifty million not one million will be marketed this year.

BAYARD has all the stubbornness for which narrow-minded, one-idead men are proverbial. He was coddled up by British Minister WEST at Washington to believe that a new treaty on the fisheries matter was necessary, and sticks to it through thick and thin. So complaisant is he to WEST that we are obliged to get news from England about the doings of the State department. The first authoritative statement as to the settlement of the fisheries trouble comes by cable, stating that the announcement was made in the British House of Commons that negotiations were in progress with the United States for the removal of the friction between the fishing interests of this country and Canada.

IT may interest people who are horrified at now and then reading in newspapers of alleged cases of the burial of live persons supposed to be dead but who were only in a trance, to know that for years the editors of the New York *Observer* have systematically investigated every such case as it has been announced. They have written promptly to clergymen and other prominent citizens of the locality when the case was reported, and they declare that they have never, in a single instance, failed to to ascertain that the report was entirely without foundation.

THE Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament on Saturday was, as it usually is, general in its tone, leaving untouched many of the vital questions which threaten to disturb the future of the country. It refers to the recent events in Bulgaria and states that preparations are being made to elect a successor to ALEXANDER, in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin treaty. It also announces the withdrawal of the Afghan Boundary Commission because of the approach of winter. As little has been accomplished in England's favor, shrewd politicians imagine the withdrawal to be quite as much because of its inutility as for the assigned reason. It speaks of the appointment of a commission to examine into the causes of the failure of the rent and land tenure laws of Ireland, but these matters are only touched upon in the most general way.

IT is not much wonder that the people of England are looking upon the matter of the settlement of the Irish question almost with despair. Nothing has been accomplished during the session of Parliament just ended, and the outlook is exceedingly gloomy. It is evident that the government is apprehensive of trouble in Ireland that will compel a re-assembling of Parliament again before January. Should that be the case, the result would be the passage of a severe coercion bill, the consequences of which cannot well be calculated. The present temper of the English people is strongly and firmly against disunion, under any circumstances. This was made evident at the last election. The only alternative is to give Ireland a large measure of local government and place her industries in her own hands for control. Whether the present Government will ever do that, or whether the Irish people will wait for the development of its policy remains to be seen.

THE Irish party, it is announced, are about to engage in a vigorous propaganda of education in England upon Irish affairs. This is an exceedingly wise step, for it is a fact that the English public has been ignorant of the real condition of affairs in Ireland. The press has been led by the statements and opinions of the Irish landlords, and therefore have reflected the judgment of the Irish masses thus formed. Let the voters now, including the English laboring class and the peasantry, once thoroughly understand the matter, and they will make their convictions felt at the polls. There are, however, the prejudices of years to be removed, and the work will require patience. It is to be regretted that this step had not been taken before.

ALTHOUGH Mr. PARNELL'S bill was lost by a vote of 297 to 202, his calm, clear, statesman-like speech in support of it, and his enumeration of facts, left his party in a stronger position than before, for it called forth a sympathy for Irish tenants even among the Conservatives that must bear its fruits. He stated that since the middle of last June, 1,000 families, comprising over 5,000 persons, had been evicted, and that one landlord alone threatened the eviction of 200 tenants. He also gave figures showing the decrease in the price of agricultural products, and he proved that the Land Commissioners themselves admitted that the rents previous to 1885 were too high by reducing them for 1886. His arguments were very strong and conclusive, and will unquestionably have their effect upon the country.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is, perhaps, the only man who advanced himself greatly in public estimation during the last session of Parliament. He has proved himself to possess qualities which even his friends did not give him credit for. His command of temper, his tact, readiness of repartee, debating skill, and his great industry have perceptibly improved his position in the House, and will materially assist him during the next session when the government will attempt to deal with the question of obstruction, and will endeavor to pass new Rules of Proceedings. This will undoubtedly bring about stormy times, as any such thing would diminish the power of the minority to prevent legislation, and Lord CHURCHILL'S strength will be seriously tried.

THERE is no doubt but Russia will have things her own way in Bulgaria so far as interference from the Powers is concerned, unless Bulgaria herself refuses to be bullied into accepting the dictates of the Czar. In that case, there is a possibility that its further proceedings would be questioned.

SPAIN has recently had an insurrection which, at first, seemed possible might prove a revolution. It began with two or three companies of soldiers in Madrid, and spread through the regiment which paraded through the streets shouting for a republic. The people became greatly excited, and the city was put under martial law. The insurgents were finally put to flight and some of the leaders arrested. It seems to have been rather the momentary outcome of a disturbed political atmosphere than an organized attempt at a revolution. It had no connection with the Castelar party, which aims at a "conservative republic," to be brought about by the wishes of the people, and without bloodshed.

GERMAN-AUSTRIAN schoolmasters have aroused some excitement in Vienna, by an attempt to reintroduce the system of flogging in the schools, which had been abolished in Austria from both the schools and the army.

IN Greece, the public executioner of the kingdom is soon to suffer death for the murder of his mistress.

"PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT."

The stock argument of the foes of Prohibition has been for years that "Prohibition does not prohibit." Because the adoption of a prohibitory statute does not at once and forever shut up every possible avenue by which Rum can come into a state—because there are men who are so completely under the dominion of the drink habit that they will become lawbreakers in order to gratify this horrible craving for Rum—these people wag their wise heads and cry, "Oh, the law is a farce! Men can get Rum, and they drink as much as ever—only it is in private, and not publicly, as before!"

From this class of people there has gone up a pæan of triumph over the apparent contradiction in NEAL DOW'S position during the recent Maine campaign. He took a leading part in the third-party campaign in his own state, and bitterly fought the Republican party, charging that it did not enforce the law. His recent statements to this effect are paraded in the columns of newspapers hostile to Prohibition, parallel with previous utterances which are assumed to be of the opposite tenor. For instance, in March, 1883, in a letter for publication, Gen. Dow said:

> The quantity of liquor sold in Maine is not more than one-twentieth of what it was before the law. Every distillery and brewery in the state has been suppressed; there is not one remaining.

In the same vein, in another letter, he is quoted as saying:

> The Maine law was enacted in 1851, and from that day to this it has been a great success.

Then, ten months ago, Gen. Dow published a letter which contains the following emphatic statement:

> The Maine law *is as well executed as any other of our statutes.*

We call particular attention to the italicized clause of the foregoing, as we shall refer to it presently. Gen. Dow has come out in a published card in which he reaffirms the truth of all the above statements, and of dozens of others of the same tenor that he has made within the past thirty years. He declares that all his numerous and seemingly contradictory assertions as to the practical working of the prohibitory law in the state of Maine are perfectly consistent with one another and are all in strict accordance with the facts. It is true that the Maine law, so-called, has been a "great success;" that "every distillery and brewery in the state has been suppressed;" that "the quantity of liquor sold in Maine is not more than one-twentieth of what it was before the law;" and it is also true that in every city except Portland the law "has been and is totally ignored," and that the volume of the liquor traffic in Maine "has not been at all reduced in the last twenty years." Mr. Dow's explanation of the apparent contradiction is this—that "at the end of the first year of prohibition the liquor traffic was reduced to as low a point in the state as it has been at any time since."

And, regarding his statement of less than a year ago, that the Prohibitory law was, at that time, at least, "*as well executed as any of our* (Maine) *statutes*," he makes the rather lame statement that the temperance people of Portland had elected a Democratic mayor and city marshal "by whom the law was enforced with great vigor." His present quarrel with the Republican party is, he explains, that, having control of legislation, it has failed to enact "such additional pains as would render the liquor trade unprofitable and uncomfortable to those who should persist in it," and that Republican officials have failed to enforce the law in the Maine cities.

There is one paragraph of his reply to his critics to which we wish to call particular attention in passing, regarding the beneficial effects of Prohibition upon the commonwealth:

> The people of Maine used to consume their full share of liquors, and probably more than those of any other state, in proportion to population, with the consequence that they were the poorest people in the Union. Our share of the national drink bill would be now about thirteen million dollars; but one million will more than cover the cost of all liquors smuggled into the state and sold in violation of law. We make a direct annual saving, as the result of Prohibition, of twelve million dollars, and an indirect saving of an equal sum, making at least twenty-four million dollars which, but for the Maine law, would be spent, wasted and lost in drink. As the result of Prohibition, Maine is now one of the most prosperous states in the Union. Mr. Blaine, at a great Republican rally in City Hall, Portland, during the Garfield campaign, said it was the most prosperous of all the states. These statements have been published publicly spoken a thousand times and more, and have been widely scattered over the country, but the truth of them has never been questioned by anybody. I submit, therefore, my statement as to the "success of the Maine law" ought to be received as literally and exactly true.

The whole argument for Prohibition is wrapped up in the italicized clause of Mr. Dow's published remark of a month ago, that the Prohibitory law of Maine is as well executed as any other statute of the state. In passing, we will merely call attention to the fact that, by his own showing, Mr. Dow went into the fight on the Republican party because it did not enforce the Prohibitory law more stringently than any other state law. But it is not our purpose to discuss, in this article, the overzeal of the great apostle of Prohibition. We wish, rather, to show that a Prohibitory law can be enforced as successfully as any other kind of legislation, and to show that the men who are claiming that "Prohibition does not prohibit" are inconsistent, as they base their argument on the false ground that it is possible to enforce any law in such a manner that there shall not be a single violation of it.

The argument of these people is not only that a law should not be passed that can not be enforced in every case, but that no legal prohibition should be made in regard to any act that anybody is liable to wish to do. Carry out the principle of these men who oppose Prohibition because "it don't prohibit." In Maine the Prohibitory law prohibits twelve-thirteenths of the traffic there would be, were there no such statute, and Maine did her proportionate share of Rum-drinking. These men cry out that Prohibition is a failure because the remaining one-thirteenth of the accursed traffic still continues, in a stealthy, underhand manner.

We have laws prohibiting murder, but bad men still commit that crime. On the same ground, why not abolish the law prohibiting murder, because it don't prohibit? There is a law prohibiting theft, yet men still steal; for there is hardly a day in any city in the land on which one or more cases of thieving do not come up before the police and other courts. The law don't prevent theft—why not abolish it as a failure? There are laws against the commerce of the sexes outside of matrimony; yet these laws are violated constantly everywhere in the land; they don't prevent unlawful intercourse. Why not repeal them as they are ineffectual?

So we might go on with every law upon the statute books that prohibits anything from being done. To remove from our code all laws that are violated, would be to abolish them all. It is plain that the argument fails when given a general application; and this is the true test to apply. This failing, the argument is not valid. The truth is, laws are not passed with the expectation that there will be no violations. There is a large class of the community, unfortunately, who have a desire to do things which it is contrary to the best interests of society that they should be allowed to do. The better element will refrain from these acts because they are contrary to public policy. Restrictive legislation, however, is a necessity, for the portion who wish to gratify their own tastes or passions, irrespective of the general good. It is not expected that all will yield obedience; but the law governing the case prescribes certain penalties for its violation, which will render it unprofitable to the violator to give rein to his wishes, and largely deter cautious people from committing these acts.

The true test to apply to proposed legislation is, "Is it for the best interests of the community at large?" Apply this test to the law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of Rum. Gen. Dow, in an extract given above, shows one phase of the benefits accruing to the people of Maine, from this law, and but one. He leaves the moral benefits entirely out of the question, as well as many others which space will not permit us to name at present. When the people at large can see these facts clearly, they will see also that Prohibition is the only effective method whereby to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO ALL WANTING SEWING MACHINES —PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

There will be a rush of orders for the Blade Sewing machine during the months of October, November and December. Now at this season of the year, we can fill orders just as they are received, shipping every evening all received during the day.

We would thank our friends who desire the machine, or who are contemplating purchasing one, to order as soon as possible that we may get them out in time, and not be blocked during the holiday time. Order now and receive your machines promptly. The Machine and the BLADE one year, $18. Save annoyance by ordering at once.

DID THE DEMOCRATS PUT DOWN THE REBELLION?

A correspondent at Norton, Kan., sends us a long article, clipped from a Democratic sheet, which labors to prove that in the rebellion the majority of Union soldiers were Democrats politically. He desires to know whether the statements therein made are true, and if so, why they have not been made public before this, twenty-one years after the close of the war.

This is one of the claims that have been put forward lately by the Democrats of the North, and is part of the general effort that is making by that party to gloss over its disloyalty and Copperheadism during the dark days of the nation's peril. It is one of the fundamental doctrines of Democratic policy that "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth," and we may look for a reiteration of the falsehood that the Democratic party of the North put down the rebellion as long as the rotten old political organization exists.

As a means of affording our correspondent, and all others who may meet with this Democratic lie, an opportunity to disprove this allegation, by stating the truth in the matter, we will present the official figures of the vote in the army of the soldiers of those of the Northern states which passed laws allowing their boys in blue to participate in the state and national elections. It is obvious that there is no other way of telling a man's politics save by ascertaining how he votes. Hence the figures in the article sent us are of no value. There is no authority for the statements and figures therein given, save a vague remark that they are "obtained from the War department at Washington, and from the records in the different states." This is impossible, for we present the official figures, collated from the published state reports of the elections, and which may be verified for any state by application to the secretary of state.

The first year of the war, 1861, there was no voting by the soldiers in the field. In 1862, five states passed laws allowing the boys to cast their ballots. Here are the official figures of those five elections:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
Colorado	567	12
Iowa	14,874	4,113
Missouri	2,129	7
Pennsylvania	1,987	274
Wisconsin	8,373	2,046
Totals	27,820	6,454

There were cast by the Union soldiers of those five states, 34,274 votes. The total Republican vote was 81.13 per cent. of the entire number cast, and the Democratic vote only 18.87 per cent.

In 1863, there were six states holding elections which gave their soldiers the privilege of voting, and the result was as follows:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
California	4,143	140
Iowa	17,041	3,004
Missouri	8,827	777
Ohio	46,815	2,391
Pennsylvania	1,392	53
Wisconsin	9,257	747
Totals	82,275	7,112

Total vote, 89,387. Of this, Republicans cast 92 per cent., and Democrats only 8.

Then came the great Presidential election of 1864. It will be remembered that Gen. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, who had been relieved as commander of the army of the Potomac, and was hence embittered against the Republican administration, was the candidate of the Democratic party for President against ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and that the platform of that party declared that "the war was a failure." It was at a time when Copperhead treason was rampant in the North, when "Sons of Liberty," "Knights of the Golden Circle," and other treasonable armed organizations were afoot in Indiana, Ohio and elsewhere. MCCLELLAN was very popular with his soldiers, and it is to this fact that the soldier vote of some of the states, whose men were largely in the army of the Potomac, shows a comparatively larger vote for the Democratic ticket. The boys voted, not for Democracy, but for MCCLELLAN. Twelve states allowed their soldiers to vote, and here is the result:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
Maine	4,174	741
New Hampshire	3,066	600
Vermont	243	49
Pennsylvania	26,712	12,349
Maryland	2,800	822
Ohio	41,146	9,757
Michigan	9,402	2,959
Iowa	15,178	1,364
Wisconsin	11,392	1,245
California	2,600	337
Kansas	2,867	513
Kentucky	1,194	2,823
Totals	119,744	34,291

Yet in view of the fact that the boys of the army of the Potomac cast thousands of votes for the Democratic ticket because their idol, "Little MAC," as they endearingly called MCCLELLAN, was at its head, the Republican vote was over 77 per cent. of the total, while the Democratic vote was but a small fraction over 22 per cent.

We quote below some of the utterly false statements of the clipping sent us:

> The state of New York sent to the war as her portion of troops, 245,649 Democrats, and 230,201 Republicans, making a total of 475,850 of her officers who went forth to fight for the preservation of the Union.
>
> Ohio sent 154,248 Democrats and 150,932 Republicans.
>
> Iowa, an intense Republican state, where all Democrats were classed as rebels, traitors, copperheads, lick-spittles, etc., sent into the Northern army 33,465 Democrats and 41,747 Republicans.

Now, how can such figures be obtained? How can it be told of what politics the soldiers were, except from their votes while in service? A man's politics were not asked when he enlisted, re-enlisted, or was discharged. There is no possible way for ascertaining facts purporting to be given above. The drift of such statements is diametrically opposed to the result of the official figures which we have given. There is but one explanation—that some bitterly partisan Democrat has deliberately made up the above figures, to mislead the younger generation of voters. His statements are lies, pure and simple.

We will quote but one other sample lie from this enormous mass of falsehood, in which we cannot find one single iota of truth, to show how facts can be perverted to serve Democratic purposes:

> The popular majority against Lincoln and Hamlin in 1860 was 840,924; the popular majority against McClellan and Pendleton in 1864 was 400,816. The Democrats in the army shortened the Democratic vote North, while the number of Republicans who stayed at home for political purposes, while there were a number of Democrats in the army, swelled the Republican vote in 1864. The total vote of all parties November, 1864, was 4,854,000, at which time there was a large excess of Democrats, as voters, in the Northern army still operating in the South or sleeping in Southern soil after hard-fought battles.

The figures of the popular vote are all wrong. The writer of the above did not take the trouble to turn to the official figures. Here they are for the election of 1860:

John C. Breckenridge, Southern Democratic	845,763
John Bell, Constitutional Union (Old Line Whigs)	589,581
S. A. Douglas, Northern Democratic	1,375,157
Total opposition vote	2,810,501
Abraham Lincoln, Republican	1,866,352
Lincoln's minority	953,149

The total popular vote in the contest of 1864 was:

Lincoln, Republican	2,216,067
McClellan, Democrat	1,808,725
Lincoln's majority	407,342

The phenomenal liar who got up the precious screed from which we have quoted so liberally, tries to cover up the fact that during the war the intelligent, patriotic Democrats abandoned the traitorous Copperhead party in the North and came into the Republican ranks. There was but one issue that a patriot, Republican or Democrat, would recognize, and that was the preservation of the Union by crushing the Democratic slaveholders' rebellion. It was this fact, and only this, which made the Republican vote so great and the Democratic vote so small. We hope every Republican will nail this lie that is endeavored to be fastened upon history—that the Union army was largely Democratic—with the official figures we have given above.

TARIFF TALKS.

I.

The interest in the Congressional contests this fall all over the country is deepening, and there are requests coming in from all over the West that the BLADE shall give its readers information upon the issue of protection vs. free trade. There is a general wakening, it seems to us, of the people to the importance of a maintenance of the protective policy. We have numerous requests for a republication of the "Tariff Catechism," which was published in our columns during the campaign of 1884. We do not feel disposed to do this, but we shall take up instead the general question, and continue the discussion from now until the week before the November election.

GOVERNMENTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

It costs money to carry on a government. The expenses of the United States government last year (1885) were as follows:

Civil and miscellaneous	$ 87,494,238
War department	42,670,578
Navy "	16,021,080
Indians	6,552,497
Pensions	56,104,207
Interest on the debt	51,386,256
Total for 1885	$260,228,935

This does not include the payments on the public debt, by the calling in and cancelling of bonds, which amounted to $30,412,900 for 1885. This brings the grand total required for all expenses of the government for that year up to $290,639,835. This requires $5,781,535 per week, or $823,933 for every day in the year, including Sundays.

Now, how is this enormous sum to be raised? Here is a statement of the receipts of the United States government for the same time as the above—the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885—which answers the question:

Customs (tariff)	$181,471,939
Internal revenue	112,498,726
Sale of public lands	5,705,986
Miscellaneous sources	24,014,055
Total receipts	$323,690,706

It will be seen that the great bulk of the receipts comes from two items—the customs duties collected under the tariff, and from internal revenue. The latter tax is collected from the manufacturers and dealers in spirituous, malt and vinous liquors, and from tobacco in all its forms. In November, oleomargarine will also be subject to an internal revenue tax.

Aside from these two items—customs and internal revenue taxes—there are but two other methods for raising revenue in large amounts—first, a tax upon incomes, such as we had during the war, and second, a direct tax upon the people, apportioned among the states according to their population. The latter is authorized by the constitution, but it will never be popular with the people. The income tax, as everybody knows, was also intensely unpopular, and the law imposing it was repealed at the earliest possible moment after the close of the war.

As will be seen, over one-half the revenue of the nation comes from customs duties collected under the tariff laws. This is the easiest and most popular method of raising money, and is not likely to be abandoned by any nation, as it bears less less heavily than any form of taxation.

THE "SURPLUS" MUDDLE.

It will be seen by comparing the total revenue and total expenditures that in the year 1885 there was a surplus of some thirty millions of dollars. This surplus has been a dreadful scarecrow to our free trade Democratic brethren. They have wasted much eloquence over the matter, and declaimed against it as if it were a misfortune, instead of a blessing, that the country has more income than expenses.

MORRISON, of Illinois, two years ago, made himself famous in a small way by a proposition to reduce the receipts of the government by some $20,000,000 per year—which may be taken as the average surplus for several years past—by reducing the duties on all imported goods 20 per cent. This was defeated, and last winter, it will be remembered, he introduced another bill which reduced the duties on a large list of goods very materially, which was defeated in the Democratic House of Representatives, much to the indignation of the free trade faction.

Suppose we look at this "surplus" matter in the same light in which a business man would look at his financial affairs. Let us imagine an individual in the same position as is the United States. He has a heavy load of debt, upon which he is paying interest. His income from his business is greater than his necessary expenses. What would any sensible man do? Manifestly he would take his profits—the money he makes every year—and pay his debts as rapidly as possible.

Why shall not the United States do exactly this thing? On September 1 of this year, we owed $1,201,015,112—over *twelve hundred millions*—on which the annual interest is nearly fifty million dollars. Why not use this surplus to pay this debt? Why not pay it as rapidly as possible, and reduce the burden of interest as quickly as we can?

Ask these free traders, and they will answer, "The debt can not be paid before it matures. Aside from the three per cents, there are no bonds which the government can call for several years." This is all true, but the debt can be paid, nevertheless, as fast as we have money to do it with. In the first place, there are now about $130,000,000 of three per cent. bonds yet outstanding, and these the government can pay at any time that it wishes. Then there is nothing to prevent our going into the open market and buying all the bonds at current rates that we have the money to pay for. It has been done before, under Republican administrations, and can be done again.

In 1885 there were about thirty millions paid on the debt; the surplus was thirty millions more. Suppose that it had been also applied to the payment of the debt, and that this rate, six millions a year, were kept up. It would take twenty years to pay our debt in full! Let us not worry about the surplus, nor try to reduce the tariff on the pretext that the government's income is too great, until the debt is paid In twenty years the conditions of industry and commerce will have changed much, and it will be time enough to undertake to remodel our tariff when the actual need presents itself. It is a bootless task to cross a stream before you come to it.

SOME TARIFF DEFINITIONS.

The following points may be well understood by many of our readers, but there are some who have not clear ideas thereon, and hence they are placed here to enable them to have a clear understanding of the whole subject.

A duty is a sum levied upon goods imported into a country from a foreign land. All civilized nations, without exception, levy a duty upon all or a portion of the goods imported from abroad. A tariff is a list of duties; hence, when we speak of the "tariff," we refer to the general system of duties levied upon all dutiable imports. Some articles are allowed to be imported free. The list of these articles is called the "free list." There are 337 articles and classes of articles on the free list of the United States, on which no duty is paid.

Duties are of two kinds: Specific and *ad valorem*. A specific duty is one levied upon a specified amount of an imported article, and does not vary with the price of the article. Here are some examples of specific duties: Roll sulphur, $10 per ton; iron ore, 75 cents per ton; steel rails, $17 per ton; cheese, 4 cents per pound. An *ad valorem* duty is one which depends upon the value of the imported article. Thus live animals pay a duty of 20 per cent. of their value; flour, 20 per cent.; fire-arms, 20 per cent.; china ware, 60 per cent.

Ad valorem duties are more convenient with regard to goods whereon a specific duty which would bear any reasonable proportion to the worth of the goods cannot be levied, because of the great number and variety of the articles to be enumerated. For instance, under one clause of the present act, there are included under one *ad valorem* duty of 40 per cent., so many articles of iron that the customs officers have enumerated 312 classes of articles coming under it. To fix a schedule of specific duties on these separately would take months of labor in Congress, make the tariff law enormously bulky, and in every way hinder the prompt transaction of business at the custom-houses.

Upon a number of articles a mixed duty is imposed; that is, part specific and part *ad valorem*. For instance, the duty on "woolen cloth costing above 80 cents per pound" is 35 cents a pound and 40 per cent. *ad valorem*. The duty on woolen goods is enhanced by the duty on wool, levied for the protection of the farmers who raise sheep. This duty is a certain number of cents per pound on the wool, being higher on the better grades of wool. It is found to be the most speedy, and, all things considered, the most just way, to levy a specific duty on each pound of woolen cloth, as an equivalent for the duty on wool, had it been imported in an unmanufactured state, to protect the woolgrower. Then, for the protection of the manufacturer and of American workmen in woolen mills, and *ad valorem* duty is also imposed in addition. While this seems to inconvenient and perplexing, it is apparently impossible to frame a law that can not be evaded without imposing a mixed duty.

NO ABSOLUTE FREE TRADE.

There is no civilized country which has absolute free trade—that is, which imposes no import duty upon any class of imports. Savages are free traders, probably, but their commerce is merely barter. Great Britain is the one great country which calls herself a free trade nation, but even she has not absolute free trade. She raises about $100,000,000 per year from duties upon her imports—which is over half as much as the United States receives from the same source. Great Britain is really a "tariff for revenue" country, and her policy is that which the free traders of this country wish to adopt. The official list of 53 articles upon which Great Britain imposes duties may be grouped in the following classes. The figures show the amount raised in the year 1879, and the sums are reduced from pounds sterling to dollars, for convenience:

Tobaccoes	$42,949,405
Teas	20,846,165
Coffees	1,060,010
Chicory	333,995
Chocolate and cocoa	225,353
Dried fruits	2,546,170
Wines	7,348,550
Spirits, gold and silver plate, beer, vinegar, playing cards, malt, spruce	26,734,720
Total duties for the year	$102,042,370

The first seven items of the above table, amounting to over $75,000,000, are composed of articles which are not produced in England. Great Britain thus levies a duty on the goods of other countries—tea, coffee, the tobacco of the United States, etc., —when brought within her borders, but asks that these countries shall impose no duties on her goods. The last item in the above table embraces a number of articles which England produces, and there is nearly $27,000,000 of her annual income from duties which is practically that much protection afforded to her manufacturers in those lines.

THE "REVENUE" AND "PROTECTIVE" SYSTEMS.

The English tariff is a "tariff for revenue only." Look at it. Three-fourths of it is levied upon articles which England cannot produce. It is a tax levied upon the articles which the working classes largely use —tea, coffee, tobacco and dried fruits. This is exactly the plan advocated by the so-called "revenue reformers" of this country. They wish to impose high duties on the articles that we cannot produce, and cut the duty down, or else abolish it entirely, upon the goods which we manufacture. This would throw open the country to the competition of the world, and this, in turn, as we shall show later in this series of articles, would result in the ruin of American manufacturing interests.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A KENTUCKY judge has just rendered a decision which should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the walls of every criminal court in the land. In January, 1884, K. F. BURCHETT shot and killed ALBERT AUGLIN in Carter county, that state, and was tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life. A appeal was taken, and Judge PRYOR, of the court of appeals, thus states the case and the opinion of the court, in affirming the judgment of the court below, and refusing to grant a new trial:

> There is no effort at self-defense, and the only reason assigned for the cruel and reckless murder is that at the time of the killing the accused was under the influence of liquor. This is no excuse for crime, and to hold that the commission of one wrongful act is an excuse or mitigation of a still greater offense would be to license the reckless violators of the law to seek revenge in taking the lives of those who had inflicted upon them actual or imaginary injuries.

WE have not in a long time seen a neater refutation of a common free trade "argument" than that embraced in a brief conversation between a free trade advocate to an intelligent Irish workman who had been in this country only a few months. "That coat which you say cost you $8 in Cork," said the free trader, "would have cost you $10 in this country." "I don't know about that," replied the Hibernian, "when the coat bought in Cork cost me twelve days' wages and one like it can be bong ht fo eight days' labor here."

SEVERAL Western Democratic newspapers, in the exuberance of their joy over the issue of silver certificates, got up wood cuts, most atrociously executed, of the new ten-dollar issue. This happens to be contrary to the law, and the treasury officials have decided to seize the plates. Why do they not go on and inflict the full penalty of the law?

NASBY ... [illegible] ... of the ... house by Col. L. M. Ward, of ... haven, after which Gen. Stewart L. Woodford was introduced to the vast audience. He made a very fine address, but he had difficulty in making himself heard as the speaker's stand was some eight rods from the grand stand. There were loud cries for Belle Boyd, the famous Rebel spy, who responded in a few patriotic words to the audience. She closed by declaring herself in favor of "one God, one country and one flag." We afterwards had the pleasure of listening to her recital of some of her adventures and incidents of her life as spy to Gen. Stonewall Jackson. Gen. Berdan made a rousing speech and in our opinion he struck the key note on the question of pensions. He said: "Mr. President: One point more if you please, and in my judgment a very important one it is too. I wish to refer to the growing disposition to reward the man who served his party rather than the man who served his country. And what is worse even, if possible, is the light way in which the taxpayers, the lawmakers, and even the President of the United States speak of the pension claims in general. If this spirit increases during the next quarter of a century as it has during the past, it can become not only a very serious question for the families of those who took up arms and died in defense of their country, as well as their comrades who survive only to drag out a miserable existence from broken health or loss of limbs. But it teaches the rising generation the ingratitude they may also expect to receive in case they take up arms in defense of their country. I repeat that this lesson can become a very serious question to our nation. I therefore implore all those who did not take arms, South as well as North, to grumble not at the small sacrifice they have to make for those loyal men who sacrificed their all, for the good of all, under the solemn promise made to them that they and their families would be protected, whether they fell or not, and if you would build up a national enthusiasm for enlisting, in case of another war, you will cause a pension to be given to every loyal soldier who carried a musket during the civil war, after he has become old. Protect our soldiers now, and the rising generation will protect our country. This is the whole case in a nutshell."

Camp fires were held in the evening, where the boys gathered to talk over the old scenes of camp life, the march and the battlefield. Thus 2,874 veterans registered in camp. The citizens of Kalamazoo spared neither time or money to make this one of the most enjoyable reunions ever held by this society. An abundance of good, well-cooked rations were furnished, so that no one needed to live on short rations, although they did not have the requisite 40 rounds. On these same grounds there were encamped five regiments of Michigan veterans and two batteries for drill and discipline in the art of war twenty-five years ago. The soldiers attending this reunion were not all Michigan soldiers, but from nearly every loyal state in the Union, but it made no difference where he belonged if he only wore the blue.—F. M. WATERS, late private Co. G, 13th M. V. I., Climax, Mich.

Taking a Rebel Rifle Pit.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will come to the relief and throw on a chestnut rail to keep the fire burning, and relate an incident that happened on the 17th of August, 186[illegible] while the army lay in front of Atlanta, Ga. There were eighteen volunteers called for from the 12th Indiana infantry, to take Johnny skirmish pit that had a cross fire

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

4.—Answers will be sent by mail, in any case whatsoever; so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature and cause of the disease. This will enable us to prescribe more definitely.

All queries will be answered strictly in the order received.

Let Us Hear From You.

We request those who have received treatment through the Bureau to write us, mentioning the number of the case, and the success of the treatment. We shall be especially pleased to receive reports from those who have been benefited. It will be a help to others, for we find that there are dozens who are trying prescriptions made out for other people, the symptoms fitting their own cases. We have just received from A. L., Antelope, Kan., the following report of her cure in case 52:

Some time ago I sent my name to the Bureau, also symptoms described for me and you said, after trying the medicine, to report, giving number of case, which is No. 52, in BLADE of August 26. The medicine helped me. I have had no return of the lameness in back since I took it. I thank you very much. I think the Bureau is a great thing. I have rheumatism very bad in my right arm. I have tried all kinds of liniment for it, but it does no good.

We would advise a continuance of the same liniment, with the following, which is to be taken internally:

Iodide potassium..... 2 drachms.
Liquor ammonie acetatis..... 2 drachms.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad..... 3 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful three times daily a half hour after meals. Keep the bowels open and regular.

283.—C. W. M., Richland Center, Wis.: Salt rheum on hands, aggravated by improper treatment.—This, from your letter, will be a very difficult case. Get a druggist to put up:

Fowler's solution..... ½ ounce.

Take 3 drops morning and evening.

At the same time bathe the following ointment:

Precipitated zinc ointment..... 1 ounce.
Opium..... 10 grains.
M. Apply to hands every night on retiring.

284.—Mary, Limesville, Pa.: You need the services of an excellent physician. Consult one without delay. It is impossible to treat you through this column.

285.—Bill Syke, Weston, W. Va.: Loss of sexual power; piles.—Get the following for sexual weakness:

Strychnia sulph..... 2 grains.
Dilute phosphoric acid..... 1 ounce.
M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day. Keep the bowels open and regular—one full discharge a day.

For the piles, obtain this ointment:

Ext. belladonna..... 5 grains.
Iodoform..... 1 grain.
Pumbi acetas..... 2 grains.
Vaseline..... 75 grains.
M. Apply 3 times a day. Bathe the parts every night in cold water.

286.—C. Collins, Ind.: Pain in feet from walking, standing, etc.; weak eyes.—For the eyes, obtain this:

Goulard's extract subacetate of lead..1 minim.
Aqua dest..... 1 ounce.
M. Apply to outer surface of lids with a camel's hair pencil 4 times daily. For the feet, and as a general tonic, obtain this:

Tinct. ferri muriat..... ½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona..... 8 ounces.
M. Take two teaspoonfuls before each two meals.

287.—M. W., Clinton Furnace, W. Va.: Diabetes in young lady; metorrhagia.—Eat no sugar, fruit, potatoes, beans, peas, rice, turnips, parsnips, carrots, pastry, puddings, or milk. Eat only meat (no liver), bran bread, poultry, game, fish, oysters, butter, eggs, lettuce, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, radishes, celery, pickles in great moderation. Take the following:

Acetate potassa..... 2 drachms.
Liquor ammonie acetatis, q. s. ad..... 6 ounces.
M. Two tablespoonfuls every 3 hours. For the menstrual disorder take:

Tinct. ferri muriat..... ½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona..... 8 ounces.
M. Take two teaspoonfuls before each meal.

288.—R. R., Cottage Grove, Ore.: We are unable to diagnose the disease from your letter. Better consult a first-class physician.

289.—M. P., Ash Grove, Mo.: Paralysis.—We cannot attempt treatment in this column.

290.—Subscriber, West Lebanon, Ind.: Consult a good physician.

291.—Mrs. K., Chattanooga, Tenn.: Periodic sick headache; leucorrhea.—The headache is probably complicated by the whites—that is, you have sick headache, plus a nervous headache resulting from leucorrhoea. Take the following:

Elixir iron, quinine and strychnia.....8 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Use also the following vaginal wash:

Yellow sulphate zinc..... ½ ounce.

Divide into 24 powders. Take 1 powder and dissolve in a pint of soft water, as hot as it can be borne, and inject into the vagina every night before retiring, with a proper syringe. For the sick headache, when you know there is a tendency to an attack:

Comp. tinct. gentian..... 4 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful at a dose. One dose when you know the attack is coming on, repeated every 4 hours until it is past. Please report result.

292.—Inquiry, Jordan Springs, Kan.: Consult a physician. Impossible to treat in this column.

293.—R. A., Faribault, Minn.: Severe cough, worst in morning; follows much talking, etc.; paroxysms so severe as to cause piles.—For the cough, take prescription in case 282. For the piles, take prescription in case 52. Keep bowels open and regular, and pay much attention to the general health.

294.—Subscriber, Wheeling, W. Va.: General debility, bowels too lax, variable appetite, irregular menstruation.—Take the following:

Strychnine muriatis..... 2 grains.
Elixir, calisaya, simp..... 4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful three times daily a half hour after meals. Keep the bowels open and regular.

295.—R., Neillsville, Wis.: Soreness and tenderness of flesh on leg, on site of bone ulcer, cured some years ago.—The result of this ulcer, of course, Nature does her best, but a repair is never as sound as the original. Rub with the following whenever sore or painful—the entire surface, even the whole length of the limb, if the pain extends that far:

Chloroform..... 1 ounce.
Tinct. aconite..... 1 ounce.
Tr. sapo. comp..... 2 ounces.
M. Apply as directed.

296.—Nannie, El Cajon, Cal.: Heart trouble. A competent physician, by making an examination, can tell the trouble. The symptoms of various kinds of heart disease can only be detected in this way. As precautionary measures it is nothing for yourself, only to be careful essentially. Be regular and methodical in all your habits, eat plain food, use no tea or coffee or other stimulants.

297.—D., Salem Center, O.: Ulcers on legs from varicose veins.—Read case 93 and follow treatment.

298.—Wilo, Arcola, Ind.: Eczema of limbs, worse on going to bed.—Use treatment of case 148.

299.—T., Dickinson, Dak.: Peculiar mouth disease, which we cannot diagnose from your letter. Better consult a physician. Better do more than best physician within reach.

300.—T., St. Albans, W. Va.: Tetter of the hands.—Keep them dry and constantly covered with this:

Precipitated zinc ointment..... 1 ounce.

Wash off every night with warm, soft water and castile soap; dry the hands before a fire; and apply again.

301.—Subscriber, Rockport, Ind.: We know of nothing safe to prevent the hair growing too long, except to cut it. We cannot cure, hair by hair.—For the eye trouble consult a physician, as you do not give enough data for us to form an intelligent opinion. The same is true regarding the urinary trouble. Write again, stating the fullest particulars.

302.—H. Washington, Mich.: Family lives in low, flat land, at one side of which is low ground, covered with water in spring and early summer, in the dry season this soaks away, leaving a load mould. Four years ago 4 of the family had malarial fever; same this fall; very constipated, dull headache, feeling of lassitude, dull, heavy aches in limbs; young lady has brown spots on face, very constipated, back-ache, dull headache; pale and sallow by turns.—The location of the house is very unhealthy, and you will suffer from troubles of all kinds due to malaria. As long as the present conditions obtain, I am not the swampy land be drained and cultivated? This would end all troubles, and if it can be done at a cost of $500 would be cheap to you. Otherwise, a new residence should be found. A relief from the tired, half-dead feeling, due to malaria in the air, may be obtained by taking this:

Quinia sulph..... 32 grains.
Pulv. capsici..... 20 grains.
Aloin..... 3 grains.
Ext. nux vomica..... 5 grains.
M. Divide into 24 pills. Take one pill 3 times a day. Continue for 6 weeks.

For the constipation, take the following until the bowels act regularly:

Cascara cordial (P., D. & Co.'s)..... 6 ounces.

Begin with ½ teaspoonful 4 times a day. If the discharges do not become regular, increase the dose gradually to a teaspoonful. After they become regular and normal, reduce the amount and frequency, until the medicine can be abandoned entirely.

The young lady probably has liver trouble, besides the malarial difficulty. Have her follow the above treatment, but before beginning give her a good dose of calomel, followed by Epsom salts or other saline cathartic.

303.—E., Walker, Kan.: Your trouble is not heart disease, but stomach trouble. Eat plain food, drink neither tea nor coffee (try hot water, with cream and sugar instead), and take the following:

Lactopeptine..... 2½ drachms.
Ingluvin..... 2 drachms.

M. Make 12 powders. Take 1 powder 15 minutes before each meal. Keep the bowels open by the use of mild laxatives.

304.—C., Williamsburg, Kan.: Piles, in male subject of 57, of several years' standing. Bathe the protruding parts for several minutes with cold water after every operation, and then anoint with this:

Benzoated zinc ointment..... 1 ounce.

Also use the following:

Morph. sulph..... 5 grains.
Tannin..... 2 grains.
Ext. gentian..... 15 grains.

Ol. theobrom., q. s. to make 15 suppositories.

Introduce one of these into the rectum every night on going to bed. Keep the bowels open, avoid all indigestible food, be regular in eating and drinking, and bathe frequently.

305.—J., Fontana, Kan.: Aged 60; stomach trouble, pain in back, constipated, urine scant and high colored at times, reverse at others; rheumatism in ankle; feet swell, etc. Take this:

Quinia sulph..... 1 drachm.
Acid hydrochloric, dilute, q. s.
Tinct. aloes..... ½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. gentian, q. s. ad..... 3 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 4 times a day.

Also use the following:

Acetate potassa..... 2 drachms.
Liquor ammonie acetatis, q. s. ad., 6 ounces.

M. Two tablespoonfuls 4 times a day, at least one hour after the above.

306.—Distressed, Wauseon, O.: Kernel of wheat in ear of child of 5 years.—No doubt before this you have had a doctor remove it. Never allow any foreign body to remain in a child's ear, as severe inflammation will result.

307.—Dick B., Shelbine, Mo.: Throbbing of heart from excitement and overwork; difficult breathing; cough, and raise blood; lasted about 2 years, more frequent now; pain in small of back, sick stomach, dull, heavy headache.—For the cough, etc., take this:

Muriate ammonia..... 30 grains.
Morphia..... 2 grains.
Fl. ext. glycyrrhizæ..... 1½ ounces.
Syr. prun. Virginianæ, q. s. ad..... 4 ounces.
M. Take a teaspoonful every 3 hours. For the other symptoms, take:

Elixir iron, sulphate and strychnia.....6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful after each meal.

308.—R., Celina, O.: Relaxed palate, for over a year; had it clipped, but no better; troubled with phthisic for several years.—A gargle of tannic tannin to 1 quart of soft water is good for the palate. Gargle with a wineglassful after each meal and at bedtime. For phthisic take the first prescription in case 307. It will relieve, if not cure.

309.—M., Greenridge, Mo.: Sciatic rheumatism 5 years ago, followed by malarial fever; diarrhœa followed for a time; irregular action of heart.—Take this:

Quinia sulph..... 32 grains.
Tinct. ferri muriatis..... 3 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian..... 2 ounces.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad..... 4 ounces.

M. Take a teaspoonful every 3 hours. Rub the rheumatic spot with this liniment:

Chloroform..... 1 ounce.
Tinct. aconite..... 1 ounce.
Tr. sapo comp..... 2 ounces.

M. Apply to hands every night and morning.

310.—Sufferer, Sing Sing, N. Y.: Rheumatism, with urinary difficulty during attacks.—Take the treatment for case 309.

311.—P., Haydenville, Mo.: Burning sensation on soles of feet and palms of hands; aged 64.—Get this prescription:

Tinct. aconite..... ½ ounce.
Chloroform..... 1 ounce.
Syrup, simplor, q. s. ad..... 6 ounces.

M. Apply twice a day to soles of feet and palms of hands. Rub in well.

312.—Mrs. W., Clearfield, Iowa: Diarrhœa for six months; much mucus; severe pains in back; heart troubled; lost flesh; very weak; not much appetite.—The history of the case is incomplete. We would advise:

Lactopeptine..... 10 grains.
Bismuth subnit..... 10 grains.
Creta præparata..... 1 dram.

M. Divide into 10 powders. Take one every 2 hours. Also take the following:

Sulph. quinine..... 32 grains.
Tinct. ferri muriatis..... 3 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian..... 2 ounces.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad..... 4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful every three hours.

313.—L. F. O., Guss, Iowa: Aged 70; for 20 years suffered from urinary trouble; obliged to use catheter for 13 years; liver trouble; costiveness.—Get the following prescriptions made up:

Tinct. aloes..... ½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona..... 2½ ounces.
Fl. ext. eucalyptus..... 1½ ounces.

M. A teaspoonful after each meal.

Fl. ext. corn silk..... 4 ounces.
Fl. ext. eucalyptus..... 2 ounces.
Simple elixir..... 2 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful morning, noon and at bedtime.

314.—W. L., Bolton, Mo.: Dyspepsia; weakness and dragging pains across hips; pain between shoulders; chronic constipation.—Take this for the dyspepsia:

Lactopeptine..... 2 drachms.
Pulv. gentian..... 1 drachm.
Carbo vegetabilis..... 1½ drachms.

M. Make 24 powders. Take 1 after each meal.

Also take this:

Tinct. aloes..... ½ ounce.
Elixir hypophosphites of iron, quinia and strychnia, q. s. ad..... 4 ounces.

M. Take 1 teaspoonful 3 times a day.

315.—M., Emmett, Iowa: Chronic rheumatism.—This is a very severe case, and probably impossible to cure. The following, however, will relieve:

Iodide potassium..... ½ ounce.
Liq. ammon. acetat..... 2 ounces.
Spts. æth. nit..... 1 ounce.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad..... 4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 4 times a day. Use no milk, bread, sour fruit, or acid of any kind.

316.—Mrs. W., Cash City, Ken.: Tumor at corner of nose.—Consult a good physician. We cannot treat it with medicine.

317.—M., Greencastle, Ind.: "Liver spots" on the face; wherever a pimple heals it leaves a brown spot; pelvic menstruation, irregular.—For the spots on the face, which are probably due to liver derangement, take:

Ext. nux vomica..... 5 grains.
Aloin..... 2 grains.
Ext. cathartic..... 30 grains.

M. Make 30 pills. Take 1 pill before each meal. For the irregular menstruation use this injection:

Sulphate zinc..... 2 ounces.

Divide into 30 powders. Dissolve 1 powder in quart of soft water, as hot as can be borne, and inject into the vagina night and morning (except during the menstrual period, of course).

318.—H., Moberly, Mo.: Bronchial difficulty, of long standing.—Take the following:

Ammon. carbonat..... 2 drachms.
Tinct. nucis vom..... 4 drachms.
Tinct. scillæ..... 1½ ounces.
Infus. serpentariæ..... 3 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 3 times a day, half hour after meals.

319.—J. H. W., Gillenwater, Tenn.: Bloody flux, in severest form.—Get a physician to administer tannin and opium. Have his personal inspection, until the severest symptoms are controlled. He will then be able to use less powerful medicines to restore the system to its normal condition. It would be unsafe for us to prescribe, as the medicine needs strict watchfulness.

320.—R., Coulterville, Cal.: Severe darting pains through thighs and legs, 3 to 4 hours at a time, every week or 10 days.—Empty the bowels freely with compound extract of colocynth (U. S. P.), taken at night, and next day begin this:

Balsam copaibæ..... 4 drachms.
Tinct. hyoscy..... 3 drachms.
Tinct. hyoscyam..... 4 drachms.
Potass. bicarb..... 1 drachm.
Mucilage acaciæ..... 1 ounce.
Aquæ..... 6 ounces.

M. A tablespoonful every 4 hours.

321.—W., Perth, Kan.: Weak stomach, distress after eating; pain in back of head, small of back, and in chest, etc.—Use the following:

Pepsin..... ½ ounce.
Podophyllin..... 3 grains.

M. Divide into 30 powders. Take one powder before each meal. Be regular in eating and drinking, eat nothing hard to digest, and bathe made as cool as can be each morning. Then briskly rubbing with a crash towel afterwards.

322.—T., Tiro, O.: Lump in right breast; been growing for two years.—Consult a surgeon at once. It may be cancerous.

323.—P. T., Cedar Junction, Kan.: Progressive deafness from an injury 8 years ago. Impossible to treat without actually seeing the case.

324.—B., Deland, Ills.: Deafness, the result of neuralgia. The case is very obscure. We doubt if the deafness can be helped; the noises, etc., seem to have a different cause, if we understand your letter. Try this:

Strychnia sulph..... 2 grains.
Dilute phosphoric acid..... 1 ounce.

M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day. Follow for 4 weeks.

Makes an Angel of a Dyspeptic.

So here is a truly delicious secret, all the way from Yorkshire, in the way of a breakfast cake which will transform the driest dyspeptic into a smiling angel. This secret cake also serve for lunch or tea. Roll rich puff paste into rounds the size of a breakfast plate and half an inch in thickness; strew thickly over one pound of currants, with a little candied lemon, chopped; over this place another round of paste; unite it closely round. Cut it into quarters, but leave them close together, and bake immediately without separating the quarters, serving either hot or cold.

A $2 WASHING-MACHINE FREE.

To introduce them in Toledo, and also to the readers of this paper, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send your name and street address at once. Address Monarch Laundry Works, 101 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

Do You Know It?

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RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

An Evening With Abbe Liszt How the Great Composer Honored an Enthusiastic Audience, and Played a Duet with One of His Beautiful Pupils—Reminiscences of a Zurich Kunstler-fest.

A perfect summer night in northern Switzerland. Air cool and bracing after a hot day made endurable only by a slight breeze wafted down from the snow-covered mountains at the other end of the limpid lake, around which the fair city of Zürich stretches its long hard white roads broken by patches of green, vineyards and woodland, from out of which peeps the modest cottage of the patient weaver, or towers the palatial home of the opulent manufacturer of the busy town.

These Zürichers, far enough north to be emancipated from the all pervading frivolity of the French, and not near enough to Germany to be weighed down with stolidity, are more or less influenced by the leading characteristics of both nations. Thus when it was announced that the annual singing fest of the society organized in 1847 by Abbe Liszt was to be held in Zürich, the whole city enthusiastically declared that it should be made a gala day. They would have gay decorations to beautify the city by day and illuminations and fireworks to add brilliancy to the scene by night—meanwhile turning out *en masse* to the concerts both afternoon and evening. These plans were entered into with the greatest zest, and Zürich was a blaze of glory during the three days and nights that noted musicians from far and near were enjoying the treat prepared for them.

This one particular night, when all nature seemed to aid man in making it memorable, was the most important one of the three, for it was known that the concert that evening was to be honored by the presence of the great master himself, Liszt, the idol of half the musicians—all of the feminine portion thereof—had journied by easy stages from Weimar and would certainly be present. The news of the master's arrival had spread with great rapidity, and his quarters at the Baur au Lac were beseiged by his admirers almost before the old man had time to refresh himself after the fatigue of the journey. But, much as he loved his loyal Zürichers, who and always given him a most enthusiastic welcome, even when he came to them during some of the dreary parts of his career, he absolutely refused to see any one, and his eager friends were compelled to waft until he started for the concert—given in the *Tonhalle*—before they could catch a glimpse of him. Then he received an ovation which lasted, I was about to say, until he reached the concert hall.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the concert, though there is a strong temptation to speak of the masterly manner in which Dr. Brahms played one of his own compositions, which was full of interest from first to last, and of many other features that made the fest so notable. The vast audience, which completely filled the great auditorium of the *Tonhalle* from top to bottom and side to side, and overflowed into the smaller rooms in which during the previous winter we had attended such delightful chamber music concerts, was composed of musicians, professional and amateur, and while they paid the closest attention to the interpretation of the several numbers on the programme, it was easy to see that the venerable abbe was almost as interesting to them as the music.

The maestro sat in the middle aisle about in the centre of the hall, his towering form, his leonine head crowned with long white hair, combed straight back off his forehead and hanging down to his cost collar making him conspicuous even in that vast assemblage of fine looking men and beautiful women. He was surrounded by a group of distinguished people, with whom he chatted affably between numbers. In this group was Frau Sophie Mentor, of Munich, a pianist of wonderful power, who was for years a pupil of Liszt; Chamlii Sauli Engel, of Genoa, one of the greatest organists of the age, and the composer of the opera Henry VIII which created such a furore when presented at the Grand Opera house, Paris, a year later; Eugene Tsaye, a violinist of rare excellence, who took part in the concert, and Friedrich Schumack, of Wemar, an intimate friend and neighbor of the abbe. It was a company of great musicians who testified their appreciation of the good things set before them by frequent hearty applause.

An incident occurred just before the first intermission that impressed itself upon the memory of all present, and to me it seemed to disprove, to a certain extent at least, the statement so generally accepted that Liszt was a thoroughly selfish man, so thoroughly wrapped up in the conceit of his own greatness that his treatment of others was rude often to boorishness. Frau Mentor was on the programme for a piano solo. Inspired perhaps by the knowledge that her old master was listening to her she played with unusual brilliancy and was enthusiastically applauded. In response to the tumultuous calls for a repetition she played, in a faultless manner, one of Liszt's rhapsodies. That was enough for the impressionable audience, already wrought up to a high pitch of musical enthusiasm. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their daintily-gloved hands, while the gentlemen rose in their seats to shout brava! brava! The fair artiste was recalled again and again, and then they went up for Liszt. The aged musician, greatly moved at this token of the appreciation of his pupil's work, slowly arose in his seat and bowed his acknowledgements, while the auditors seemed to lose all control of themselves. The applause was deafening, but above the din could be heard the steady cry for Liszt and Mentor. With slow, majestic tread, his eyes glistening with pride and joy Liszt walked slowly up the aisle, bowing right and left, while all present rose as if to receive the benediction of the greatest living master. Slowly he mounted the platform, and heartily he congratulated Frau Mentor, and advanced with her to the front, where they received the homage of thousands of people. Though they bowed repeatedly the tumult would not cease, and finally they turned and took their places at the piano. In an instant the hall of death pervaded the whole place. Scarcely a breath could be heard, so anxious was every one that not a note should be lost. A few strong chords by the master, and they dashed off in a duett, the brilliancy of whose execution no one there ever heard the equal. As they closed with a finale of wondrous power, there was an instant of perfect silence—and then the entire audience joined in one wild wave of applause that surged to and fro throughout the whole hall. Hats were tossed in air, handkerchiefs and fans were waved and even the chorus and orchestra joined in the tribute to genius, that lasted until artiste and composer left the stage and were lost to the view of their demonstratively enthusiastic admirers.

This hero worship, as it may be termed, was still more strikingly indulged in a few minutes later. During the half hours' intermission between the first and second parts of the programme, the greater portion of the audience left the hall and sought refreshment in the beautiful cafe and grounds overlooking the lake, which at this time was alive with boats bearing Chinese lanterns, and colored fires, the reflection of which on the water made a scene of enchanting beauty.

At one end of the cafe stood Abbe Liszt, his head uncovered and his usually stern countenance lighted up and softened by smiles of satisfaction and pleasure. Near him sat a number of friends, whose glasses of foaming lager showed they had all decided that tempus fugit of the muses to give the delight of a few moments chat with their friend and master. But these were quickly lost sight of, for Liszt was almost immediately surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, all of whom sought a word or a grasp of the hand. Some of the ladies were more demonstrative, and hurriedly stroked his long silken hair, while three or four, carried away by the excitement of the occasion, and their long pent-up admiration for their venerable idol, placed both hands on his head and kissed first one cheek and then the other.

Even the opening notes of the overture which, heralding the end of the half above, announced the beginning of the second part of the programme, were not sufficient to dispel the enthusiastic crowd about the old man, who stood there, erect and proud, accepting as his right this flattering homage to his genius and to himself.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

A Hoosier Maiden's Experience.

A Parke county, Indiana, farmer says: "A young lady who was watching my binding harvester at work fell upon the table and was carried up with the grain. As the girl was of about the size of a bundle, the machine did not recognize the difference, and so she came through with a neat little string around her waist. One of the harvest hands caught her as the machine 'kicked' her out, and set her on the ground right side up, when it was found that she had been more frightened than hurt."

COUNTRYMEN OF MARK TWAIN.

"A Prophet Is Not Without Honor, Save in His Own Land."

EDITOR BLADE:—Having the good or bad fortune to be a school teacher, I was employed to teach in a district not far from Mr. Clemens's birth-place. While there, a wedding in high social life occurred, the reception being given at Florida, Mo. And now, to show off some of Mr. Twain's countrymen, I'll relate a conversation which occurred the evening after the reception, and in which I was a participant. We were seated around the supper table, and, as the wedding was the last event of any consequence, of course it was fully discussed. After they had discussed the bride's outfit, her parents, etc., I remarked that it was quite an event, as the reception occurred at Florida, it being the birthplace of one of Missouri's most noted men. In a few seconds all the jaws ceased action, and I felt that all eyes were fixed on me. After they had gazed at me some time in silence, I said "Mark Twain." At that, the old lady, speaking to her husband in very loud tones, (as he was hard of hearing) said: "Oh! yes, Henry, that's that are man from Illinois what buys mules." Then it was time for me to stop in amazement. In utter surprise I looked at first one then another, but saw no signs of surprise or amazement. I tried to continue, but had no sooner begun, than the eldest daughter said, "You'r thinking of another feller, mother." Again they looked at me, this time with an inquiring gaze. And being compelled, it seemed, I explained, or tried to. I told them that "Mark Twain," or Samuel L. Clemens, was a humorous writer of some reputation, and was born in Florida, Mo., not more than seventeen miles from their residence. The young lady of the family, again trying to show off the family learning, said: "Oh! now I remember! I've read some of his funny poetry in almanacs and newspapers." Thinking that a good ending for the conversation, I excused myself, left the table, and went in search of Mark's poetry.

OZETE.

Monroe City, Mo.

The Secret of the Sealed Room.

The twenty-two rooms in No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, which have been for many years sealed up, in accordance with the will of Sir John Sloane, will soon be opened. Their contents have naturally been much speculated upon, and it is believed by some that valuable art treasures will be found, while other believe that the opening of the sealed rooms will reveal a family secret, perhaps no longer closely affecting the descendants living, but interesting to them to know. The 23d of November is a day of ill-omen to the Sloane family, as many deaths have taken place in their ranks on it since the death of John Sloane. The fixing of the 22d of November, 1886, by him for an important act is, therefore, the more extraordinary. Sir John Sloane died in 1837, bequeathing to the nation the Sloane Museum, of which he was the architect. This recalls the sensational episode in the unsealing of the rooms that contained the treasures coveted by the Jesuits, as related in the "Wandering Jew."

A Sum for Boys to Struggle Over.

The "Sidewalk Stroller" of the Chicago *Journal* submits the following arithmetical puzzle: "There were three boys engaged in selling apples. Two of them had 30 apples each and the third had 60 apples, or exactly as many as the other two put together. The first boy sold his apples at two for a cent, and therefore took in fifteen cents. The second sold his apples at three for one cent, and therefore took in ten cents. The two together took in 25 cents. But the third boy sold his 60 apples at five for two cents, and therefore took in only 24 cents. How can this be accounted for? To sell five apples for two cents ought to bring in as much as to sell two of them for one cent, and the other three for another cent, but it seems that it does not, if different people own the two apples and the three."

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES AND FRUIT GROWERS.

Mrs. S. D. Power's "Fruit Pastes and Syrups" gives the details of a new and important home industry. The *Garden*, the leading horticultural journal of America, quotes the editorial opinion, "The salvation of the profits of our fruit crop is in the methods of this little book." Its recipes are fresh, not a dozen ever appearing before in any American recipe book. They give the methods by which French cooks prepare the crystallized fruits and choice syrups which are exported by millions of dollars worth, and form a leading industry of the South of Europe. Hostesses who entertain elegantly will find the rare recipes from old English MS. of ladies of high degree. The settler's wife, who misses Eastern orchards, will find in the chapter "For the Far West," how to preserve wild fruits, whose value is hardly known, or to use pumpkins, carrots and other substitutes in inviting forms as fruit. The Southern women will find a chapter especially for their native fruits unknown at the North, and besides this, explicit instructions how to pack and ship preserves for market, and how to find a market for them. Already women are making welcome additions to their incomes, by selling home made preserves, and the fruit syrups so delicious as beverages in warm weather. The book is practical and interesting. Every housekeeper; every woman who wishes to add to her income by a quiet and profitable occupation; every farmer who wants to make the most profit from his fruit crop should send for it at once, as fruits are ripening. Agents find it a quick selling book. Price postpaid, 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set (four portraits) for 65 cents.

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THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued cartoons, for posting, which have been scattered all over the United States. Of these we have sent out gratis more than *one million*, which is our contribution to the great cause We want every friend of temperance to aid us in giving them wide circulation.

NO. 1.

Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labeled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of intemperance.

NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward one comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz.: The street boy, already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

NO. 5.

"This Farmer Never Drank Whisky --This One Drinks All He Can Get."

It is quite as effective as its predecessors. On the one side is a farm house looking as do all farm houses where whisky never got a hold, clean, neat and prosperous. On the other side of the sheet is a farm house whose proprietor does drink, slovenly, shiftless-looking, and wrecked as possible. The contrast is sharply drawn and the picture is a most effective one.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

Wonderful poet of Nature that BRYANT was, I could never quite forgive him for the obloquy which he threw upon the autumn by his poem "Death of the Flowers." Ever since he wrote

> The melancholy days are come,
> The saddest of the year,

it has become a sort of habit for people to imagine that it is a mournful season, whether they really feel so or not. To be sure, the flowers that have bloomed in our gardens and upon the lawns, do die, but if we stopped to think we should remember that there had been a constant funeral procession since the early spring time, but no sooner has one glorious visitant departed than another has taken its place. Even now the frosts, which are laying heavy hands upon the blossoms that we love, and their life is passing away, are fondly caressing the green-robed trees which begin to flush beneath their touch, and will soon burst into a glory of vivid coloring. The sunshine, that is never so richly golden as in the dying days of September, through October, and the early part of November, pours its flood of soft radiance over everything, giving just the touch of warmth that is needed to counteract the chill which lurks in the atmosphere, and would otherwise make us shiver and shake in that state of discomfort, when you are not cold, but are in a constant state of apprehension that you are going to be.

To me the autumn days are far from being "the saddest of the year." Aside from the beauty of the changing foliage, the soft, golden haze that lingers "over hill and valley," the wonderful richness and variety of the ripening fruits, there is something inspiriting in the thought that the enervating heats of summer are giving place to the crisp air which will set the blood to flowing more vigorously through the veins, and make the accomplishment of ambitious work a nearer possibility. Things which, beneath a fervid July or August sun, seem mountains, dwindle away into mole-hills when the frost wine enters into the air and sets everything into rapid motion. The power of work seems keyed up to the desire of accomplishment, and faded ambitions begin to stir into life once more.

That is the bright side of it, some of you are saying. It would look differently if you were in the kitchen from early morn until the sun sets low in the West, canning, pickling and preserving the fruit that will not wait for convenient days, that will not let you look out upon the glories of the landscape, or go forth to enjoy the pleasant atmosphere. The fruit is very beautiful, but after handling it by bushels to make it ready for winter use, its beauty pales upon your sight, the poetry of its possession passes away, and you look back regretfully to the hot summer days when it was not yet perfected, or forward longingly to the falling snows and shifting, cutting winds that will soon be upon us, when it will be safely stored away upon its shelves to be brought forth as needed.

It is true that housekeepers, especially those whose own hands must do the work, do not find the autumn season one of unmixed pleasure, but there is, after all, some satisfaction in handling the luscious treasures, and in thinking of the comfort and pleasure they will give to the home circle through the winter that is approaching, even though the fatigue of its preparation takes away present enjoyment. Yet I want to drop a word right here, which may be deemed rank heresy, even by the same housekeepers of whom I am speaking. Do not make your life a weary burden by endeavoring to do more in this line than your strength is equal to. Do not shut yourself away from the sunshine and the pleasant skies, from the life-giving air of the open fields and woods; do not stay in doors to can and pickle, to jam and preserve, until all the glory of the autumn has departed, and another opportunity to gain added vigor of body and brain has passed to take its place among those lost forever. It is far more important, not only to yourself, but to your family, that you should be strong in body and bright and hopeful in spirit, than that a certain kind of food should be forthcoming upon your table. Beside that, in these days of quick transportation, people who live near railroads can obtain some kinds of fresh fruits all winter. Oranges, apples and bananas are plentiful and cheap most of the year. Besides these, are the dried fruits, both home and foreign, which are most palatable stewed—in fact in these days, when the drying process has been brought to such perfection, some of the former are quite equal, if not superior, to the canned fruit.

People who live in the country are not quite so well off, and yet they can usually have apples which afford an infinite variety of dishes, and the dried fruits can be purchased in quantity and kept in the house, to be ready if wanted. If circumstances prevent their buying, then it would be wiser to go without, than to lose all enjoyment of the autumn season.

I did not start out, however, to read a homily upon fruit preserving. My text did not point in any such direction but a suddenly developed path moved my wandering thoughts thither. To return to its original intent. The golden autumn time is peculiarly pleasant to me, because it opens such a vista of long, delightful winter evenings, which may be made so full of interest and pleasure. When the cool weather comes, one's faculties wake up, life has an added zest, and the world of work seems made for human conquest. It is the best of times to think of what we want to accomplish, and to lay our plans accordingly.

It is the best of times for another thing, too. The gay season begins with the falling of the leaves and the flying of the snow flakes. Parties and evening entertainments follow each other in rapid succession, and if one is not careful they will monopolize every leisure hour. It is hard to keep out of the whirl if once within it, unless a decision has been arrived at, as to the time which can be afforded for such pleasures without rendering it impossible to do anything that is better worth doing, and then adhered to inflexibly. Here is where a cast-iron rule is a necessity, otherwise effort will be in vain.

If there be any special course of study or reading that you have thought you would like to pursue, but have been unable to do so for lack of time, look around you these autumn days and see what part of your winter evenings you can give to society, and what you can reserve to yourself to carry out your own purposes. It will be much easier now than by and by, and there is everything in beginning aright. Have a definite time, that is, certain hours upon certain days or evenings which you will give to this work, and then, as I said before, live up to them.

"Why is it necessary," asks some one, "to have particular days selected? Why not arrange to devote so much time each week to reading or study, and then take it when it is most convenient?"

Simply and solely because in that way, you will accomplish absolutely nothing. The days will go by in rapid succession. One thing after another will crowd upon you, and you will put off that which you deem the least imperative until to-morrow, and the to-morrow will never come. It is the easiest thing in the world to let anything which requires effort, and yet is not compulsory, pass by without doing. Especially is this true when it has no immediate aim in sight, but is part and parcel of a plan for general improvement, something leading to more satisfactory living because of broader intelligence and broader knowledge. No, the best, and, indeed, the only way to improve the winter, which rapidly draws near, is to lay a definite plan now, as I said, and then make circumstances bend to its carrying out, rather than allowing it to be shaped by circumstances.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Cover for Small Table.—Get a square or oblong of Java canvas of the kind which has gold threads interwoven in its meshes. Make a broad pattern of cross stitch work through the center. Put a fine, narrow one around the four sides, after fringing it out and tying it. If it is not desirable to fringe it in that way, it may be finished with fancy balls.

Another Cover.—First have a square of crimson China silk, then one of blue plush of the same size. In the four corners of the silk outline in gold some pretty pattern. Line and finish the edges with balls of crimson and gold. In the center of the plush square outline a handsome pattern in gold. Then finish the edges with the same kind of balls as the other, but of the shade of the plush. Put the plush upon the silk diagonally, having lined the projecting points, and fasten them together at each place where the balls are sewed on. This makes eight points alternating plush and silk. Of course the same design could be carried out with other materials.

Window Curtains.—Some one writes to know how to arrange the curtains in a sitting room in an inexpensive way. Get one length of scrym for a window and edge it with lace. Buy enough Turkey red calico to come down to the floor and a little more. Now put both up together on the pole with curtain pins, which come for that purpose. Draw back the scrym and take it up loosely at the lower part of the window casing. It is pretty fastened back with ribbons. Pass a card of the color of the calico around the end of the pole, and draw up the calico with it, making it into a sort of festoon across the top, and then let it fall in long folds down to the point where the scrym is fastened. It may then be gathered into the ribbon with that or be left loose.—ED.

Send 25 cents for "Fancy Work and Home Decoration" to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; c, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet Abbreviations—ch, chain; loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; ch st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Diamond Insertion.—Cast on 19 stitches; 1st row—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 8; 2d row—k 2—o—n—rest plain; 3d row—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 7; 4th and every other row like 2d; 5th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n 3 times—k 6; 7th row—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n 4 times—k 5; 9th row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n 5 times—k 4; 11th row—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n 4 times—k 5; 13th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n 3 times—k 6; 15th row—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n twice—k 7; 17th row—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 8; 18th row—same as second; then begin at first again.

Will some one please send directions for knitting bric-a-brac, poplar leaf, Jacob's ladder and strawberry laces?—LILY DALE.

Pointed Wristlets.—Cast on 10 stitches for each point and one extra stitch. If you want 8 points, cast on 81 stitches. Have the extra stitch on the first needle. You will find one stitch at the end of every needle, which is to be put every time on the first needle. 1st row—n—sl 1—slip the slipped stitch over the 2 narrowed together—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—n—sl 1—slip the slipped stitch over the 2 narrowed together—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3. Repeat this pattern until the wristlet is of sufficient length, then bind off. Cast on the stitches very loosely or the points will not be in good shape.—X.

"Nettie Wallace" sends a tidy pattern for insertion in the BLADE which is so long that we are obliged, greatly to our regret, to leave out of the HOUSEHOLD column. The editor will repeat the caution about long patterns. Do not send them. It is almost impossible to prevent mistakes, and then they are of no account.—ED.

Correspondence.

A PRACTICAL LETTER.—I thought I'd just stop in the whirl of work and talk a little while. If no one is benefited by what I say I hope to be rested. I am a farmer's wife, with six children and limited means, and never stout, yet I do all I can to help make a home. I have raised this season 220 chickens, 26 geese, nine turkeys and five ducks. The rats being bad, I put the coops as far from any building as I can conveniently, and where the sun shines early. I tie each hen by her coop and keep her tied until she is about to leave her chicks, then they are easily fed and no bothering to get them home. As soon as two flocks can be put with one hen, feed early and often while young. I give them milk and most all kinds of ground feed and grain. Haven't had one die with disease. I have picked the geese three times (they are now 47 in all). The sale of butter and eggs, eight cows with 3 calves, the fowl more than keeps the family in necessaries besides some extras, and some drops in the missionary box. The remainder is Philip's to pay such dribs as taxes, threshing bills, etc., but none for tobacco and rum I am glad to know.

I know some are opposed to paying a man's debts, but these small dribs out of the way, the larger sales of stock and grain can be used for larger debts or investment, and thus help along to make a home. If a wife expects financial returns, as "Skipper" says, she will only be a household drudge, and her work can not be valued in that way. Let us have the esteem of husband and children then we can toil cheerfully on in the busy hive we have helped to store.

I think "Gossips" views on matrimony very sensible. Don't be afraid, girls, of being called old maids. Make yourself useful in your sphere and no one will ever think you old at even 30. Don't marry at all if its hundred to one, if you don't feel capable of helping to keep the wolf from the door.

Some one told about her lambrequin made of old lace curtains. I made one of old mosquito bar, colored it with cloths, blue, gathered it at the top, then caught it up in three different places, fastening with a bow of ribbon. It has a nice effect over white curtains. I made one for a mantle of dark table oilcloth cut in large scollops trimmed with red lace. I might tell of many other things that make nice house trimming that are in reach of those who are not wealthy and can be purchased at a country store.

The directions for salt rising bread are all complicated. They would bother one not knowing how before. I would like to tell the plain way our grandmothers made it but I fear I am ruled out, I have been so slow coming; however, I will venture. ½ pt. nearly hot water, a pinch of salt, thicken corn flour, bake, set in warm water, cover close; in 4 hours stir in some flour, it will raise in 2 more hours; take 3 or 4 pts. of water and a little salt, make into loaves, knead well, put in a warm place, cover close; when raised, bake quickly. If you want to bake in the morning, make it at bed time, set it in a warm place as you can, warm up and thicken in the morning and it will soon raise.

I would like to tell how I make good yeast risings and bread without dosing, and how to make your yards beautiful with flowers despite the fowl.—I have one aster with 26 full blown flowers, it is purple—and the counterpaane I am knitting etc, but I have tried your patience long enough and a basket of fruit is waiting to be canned, so I bid you good afternoon.—PHIL'S WIFE.

A FEW NEBRASKA NOTES.—As I have been a reader of the good old BLADE for a good many years, I thought I would add my small remark with the rest. I have lived in Nebraska, off and on, for the last fourteen years, and think this is one of the best of states, and I should call it "the garden of the West." All kinds of fruit grow in abundance, except peaches. That part of the state (Fillmore county) is thickly settled by the best of people from all parts of the Union. Small grain this year was not as good as usual, and corn will not make on an average more than half a crop, on account of dry weather, but there is quite a lot of old corn in the country, so that farmers will have plenty to winter with, and get a good price for the wheat they will have to spare.

The old settlers of this county held a reunion on August 28. Being present I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Gen. Van Wyck. He is a splendid speaker. There was the largest crowd of people together ever seen in this part of the country.

I for one agree with "Gipsy" in regard to matrimony. I think if a girl waits until she is 30 she will see enough trouble, and as to marrying to keep from being an old maid, I would rather ten thousand times live and die an old maid than live all my life with a man I did not care anything for.

And another thing, girls, never marry a man who drinks; for they all turn out the same. Only one out of a thousand will reform after marriage. If a man don't think enough of you to stop drinking before marriage just give him the G. B. and let him go. I go in for total abstinence, and I rejoice to see the noble stand the BLADE is taking to pulverize the Rum Power. May it ever stand by its colors.

I heartily endorse the sentiments of "Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Smith." It would indeed be a glorious thing if the new pledge to prohibit the use of slang and all vulgar language could be adopted by all young and old, although the young need it most. I for one would do my best to help it along. Who else will help? Let us hear from the members on this subject.—NELLIE WILDWOOD.

RAISIN MAKING.—"Aunt Mattie" asks how to make raisins, and if they can be made of the common tame grape? They cannot, neither will the wine grape make raisins. After experimenting with various varieties all have been discarded by vineyardists here (for raisins) except the Muscat and Sultana—a small, seedless variety. But, unless "Aunt Mattie" is a resident of California, I doubt if she will succeed in making raisins of her grapes. Raisins are simply sun-dried grapes, of the proper variety; but unless you have the dry, warm climate peculiar to California, we fear your grapes would never become raisins. The grapes are left to hang upon the vines for weeks after they are what would be termed "ripe," until they obtain the proper degree of sweetness. When just ripened they are very fine for table grapes, but by the time they are ready for picking they have become too sweet to suit the palate of most people, though "tender feet"—just from the East—usually pronounce them "superb," etc.) The skin also becomes toughened, which is very necessary, as they would be worthless if the skins were broken. When fully ripe the grapes are picked and laid upon trays to dry. The trays are made of four six-inch boards fastened together with a narrow cleat at each end, making a frame three feet long and 24 inches wide. These are placed upon the ground, cross-piece down, and covered with grapes, which are then left to dry. In from ten days to three weeks, according to the weather, they will be ready to turn, which is done by placing the flat side of an empty tray upon the one to be turned, holding them together by slipping an ordinary clevis upon one side while inverting the trays, which brings the uncured side top. The tray is removed and the operation repeated until all are turned. When nearly dry the trays are "stacked," i. e., placed one above another—about twenty in a stack—where they may be left until a convenient time to be transferred to the sweat boxes which are about 26 inches wide, 38 long and 8 to 10 inches deep. The box is filled full, a tray is placed over them and they are left to "sweat." After a week or two they are ready for packing, or they may be left in sweat boxes for months to await the convenience of the packer.

The peculiarly dry, clear atmosphere of Riverside, which makes it so healthful for invalids, also enables them to cure raisins to perfection here, and Riverside oranges are now becoming universally acknowledged to be the finest grown anywhere, whether in the United States or imported. —MRS. MERRILES, Riverside, Cala.

THE KINDERGARTEN, No. 1.—I beg leave, although a stranger, to give "Alice" some information in regard to kindergarten work.

First, I will speak of the origin of the word kindergarten, and also of the school. The word is derived from two German words, *(kinder)* children, and *(garten)* garden—children's garden.

Schools something similar to the kindergarten were established by Pestalozzi, but the real kindergarten was suggested and established by Froebel about the year 1840. The children's garden, or kindergarten, is a place where children are cultivated as the gardener cultivates his plants, and is therefore a place for development. The children are under seven years of age and are not taught to read, write and cipher; nor to study objects not connected with their own conscious life. They produce forms; and these forms and the material of which they are made is their first study. Next they are taught to plant and cultivate flowers, each having a little garden of its own.

Other occupations of the children are: 1, ball exercises; 2, exercises with the ball, the cube and the cylinder; 3, building with gifts 3, 4, 5 and 6; 4, pattern-building with wooden cubes; 5, designing with planes of wood; 6, paper-folding; 7, paper-cutting; 8, lath platting; 9, stick laying; 10, ring laying; 11, thread laying; 12, construction with stick and softened peas; 13, paper platting; 14, paper pricking; 15, stitching; 16, drawing; 17, coloring; 18, modeling in clay.

"Alice," it would be well for you to write to some firm for a catalogue and obtain some books on that subject. I fear I have have taken up too much space, but if this does not go to the waste basket, it may come again and give some reasons why mothers should have a knowledge of the kindergarten theory, if any one cares to know.—MRS. ELLA ACKLEY, Harrold, Wilbargar Co., Texas.

WORK IN CALIFORNIA.—A lady said to me to day, "Do write and tell some of the working women in the East who can not find employment, to come here where we need them so much." So I do speak that there is a demand here in all branches of woman's work for more help. Dressmakers and seamstresses as well as house help receive good wages, and the supply unequal to the demand. The fruit canning and drying establishments, in their season, also employ women and girls, but as they are for the busy time, work is usually paid for by the box or quantity, so their wages depend on their proficiency.

Raisin picking the past season employed women for the first. It is clean, light work, and especially adapted to the quick fingers of women. Save up a few dollars, girls, and take advantage of the next war in railroad fares, and some of you come to Riverside.—MEG MERRILES, box 483, Riverside, Cal.

Inquiries.

Will some one please send a pattern to make a slipper-case, through the HOUSEHOLD, also a wall-pocket for newspapers?

Would the BLADE print poetry if I will send it? I have one or two pieces I would like published.

What color is the hair enclosed?—POPCORN.

"The BLADE prints original poetry when it is very good, otherwise the editor prefers to make his own selection. We should call hair enclosed a light auburn.—ED.

Will Mr. Rogerson, who gave recipe for removing flesh worms, and red nose, in BLADE of August 19, please tell how long the articles are to be kept on the nose, at night or through the day, and how long before a cure is effected. Please state all the particulars.—OREGON.

I have a very pretty fluted lace pattern to be knit of wool that I will send to the HOUSEHOLD if desired. I will send work for Mrs. B. F. Smith's directions for making wax flowers, as she offers it in the BLADE of September 9, if any should like them.—MRS. E. S. FOREMAN, Eureka Springs, Ark.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have the lace pattern.—ED.

Will some one send directions for crocheting a hood for a baby six months old?—MRS. MATTIE LAYTON, Magnolia, Kan.

Will some one give a recipe for making lemon essence?—MRS. W. H. MCCUMBER, Rosyln, Dak.

Can any one tell me how to color kid gloves black or brown —MRS. H.

Will some sister send a recipe for cracker pudding, that they know to be good; one to measure the cracker after it is rolled, or tell what kind of crackers to use?—MRS. WITTER.

Will some one—if there be any—who has had experience using the "50 photograph outfit," please give results to the members of the HOUSEHOLD? And, can any one tell if cultivating ginseng for profit, would be profitable? Correspondence on the above subjects would be agreeable to MISS MARY ALTA WESCOTT, Wausemon, Green county, Wis.

Will some one please tell how to prepare a cheap, durable paint to apply to roofs to prevent shingles from warping and splitting during the dry season? Also can an imitation of walnut stain be used upon wood-work that has had the first coat only of paint? If not, how can the paint be removed? How is the paint prepared for the gilt molding of picture frames?

Will "Barbara Allen" please send her address to box 483, Riverside, California?—MEG MERRILES.

Will some kind sister of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make grape jelly so as not to get glassy?—M. KERN, Bradford, Laurance Co., Ind.

Can any one tell me how to make imitation Turkish rugs? Maybe it has been in the BLADE before, but I did not see it. If "Subscriber" will tell me what kind of soap is wanted I will give recipe.—MAX.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "A Friend" will wet the linen in soft water, rub it well with white soap, then scrape some fine chalk to powder and rub it well into the linen, lay it out on the grass in the sunshine, watching to keep it damp with soft water, then repeat the process the next day, in a few hours the mildew will entirely disappear. I would say to "Young Bach" that I think steel strings are much nicer than catgut, as it gives the guitar a very clear tone and is not injurious to the fingers, as might easily be supposed.—ELLA CROSSLAND, Taylorstown, Pa.

"D" asked how to get rid of bed bugs in a papered room. Place everything in the room to that it can have a good chance to be smoked, then take a coal bucket with plenty of good wood coals and place in the room; quickly drop on the coals a lot of sulphur, and close the door; let the sulphur smoke fill the room for a long time. It may have to be repeated.—H. W. FAY, Toledo, O.

Will you please give me the name of some good paper treating of the care or poultry? —MRS. L. C., Eureka, Kan.

National Poultry and Pets, published at 50 cents a year by Charles Caughling, Toledo, Ohio.—ED.

To those annoyed with ants in cupboards, etc., we wish to say: Take oil of sassafras, put sugar on a few small dishes, and drop the oil on it. Set these dishes here and there on your shelves and you will be surprised to miss all your ants in a short time.—MRS. F. E. BARBER, McPherson, Kan.

I will tell the members of the HOUSEHOLD what we do with our tomato vines when it turns cool in the fall and there is danger of early frosts. We cover the vines with hay. We put the hay on thick. It need not be taken off, as the tomatos will ripen nicely under the hay, better than in the open air.—ELEANOR.

For "Mrs. Stephenson:" Some lady has written for you to rub on camphor gum and sweet oil for stiff finger joints. Now I want to say to you don't do it. I have tried the rubbing on for years and found out it does no good. The trouble may be better in that particular place but it is sure to appear somewhere else. Rheumatism is of the blood and muscles and you can no more cure it by external application than you can salt rheum or scrofula; and this I think is why so many people die with rheumatism of the heart. They use so much powerful medicine externally they drive it to the heart.—A READER.

Some time ago there were two persons inquiring through the BLADE if any one could tell them what would straighten their limbs. I will say to those two afflicted ones if they will bear the expense I will send each one 2 or 3 ounces of liniment I have prepared and directions how to use it which truthful people say have restored their limbs to their natural suppleness. Now I don't want any one to misunderstand me or think I make this liniment for sale. I only prepare it for my own use and make this offer solely for the benefit of those two suffering ones. I would have sent out the recipe but have sent several pieces that did not find admittance so I don't want the recipe but you can get it by sending me a stamp. Did you know that a tablespoonful of melted mutton suet with nutmeg in it, taken every hour until relieved, will cure the flux?—MRS. J. L. EVANS, Blood, Calloway county, Ky.

Permit me to thank those who have answered inquiries of mine. We think "Answers to Inquiries" one of the most valuable features of the HOUSEHOLD, and wish more would respond, as in answering the inquiries of one, a hundred others may also be benefited.

"Ella H," did not the types make some mistake in your directions for preparing Fuller's earth, in BLADE of September 2?

"Mateson," in making salt-rising bread, if you use milk, scald the milk, and omit the teaspoonful of soda from the sponge, and the bread will keep moist longer and also be more wholesome. The less soda in our bread, the better for stomachs.—MEG MERRILES.

MRS. C., Pittsburg, Pa.: The book "Health and Beauty" tells you how to preserve your health, and also gives you directions how to take care of yourself in order to keep your personal attractions until old age. By sending $1 to the Locke Publishing company, Toledo, O., it will be sent to you, and you will surely not regret its purchase. —ED.

Recipes.

Starch Gloss.—Take 2ozs. of fine white gum arabic (powdered); put it in a pitcher and pour in a pint of cold water. Let it stand all night. In the morning carefully pour all but the dregs into a clean bottle; cork tight and keep for use. A tablespoonful stirred into a pint of starch will add luster to the linen.—SARAH P. MCP.

Another.—Noticing a request made by "Friendless" for dressing for fine shirts, I will give one which I think is good. After the shirts are dry, dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls of starch and 1 teaspoonful of pulverized borax in 1 pt. of cold water. Dip the cuffs and bosoms in this and rub well with the hand several times. Let lay for 1 or 2 hours; then iron. This is enough for 1 shirt and 2 or 3 collars.—KANSAS SUNFLOWER.

To Mend Iron Ware.—I sent a receipe two years ago; here it is again: Mix iron filings, salammoniac and the white of an egg—I forgot proportions, but the main bulk should be filenigs,—to the consistence of thick paste or dough; press it into the hole and let it remain till dry; if you file it then the cement will look like solid iron and will be about as hard. I have known an article mended in that way that was as good as ever 15 years afterwards and how much longer I don't know. It is said that plaster of Paris and gum arabic is good, but I never tried it.—J. W.

Canned Baked Apples.—Take good sized tasting apples (maiden blush or bell flowers are nicest), remove the cores without paring them, put them in a pan, fill the holes with sugar and add a small bit of cinnamon or spice, put enough cold water with them to form plenty of juice and bake till soft; can in glass cans; they are very nice in winter.—BETSY BOBBIN.

"Betsy" do not write upon both sides of your paper. One of your recipes could not be published on that account and we are frequently obliged to throw good things away from other members for the same reason.—ED.

Coffee for Dyspeptics.—Did any of the sisters ever try browning wheat bran in molasses for coffee. Mix the bran well with molasses with your hand till it is thoroughly wet, then brown in a spider on top of the stove stirring it all the while till it is the color of coffee, after it is ground; use one spoonful of the bran to two of ground coffee. Any dyspeptic can drink it. Try it.—MRS. D. R. C. BROOKVILLE.

Doughnuts which hubby calls good: Beat together 3 eggs and 2 cupfuls sugar; add cinnamon, nutmeg, or other flavoring, half a teaspoonful of salt and 2 cupfuls sweet milk. Sift 2 quarts of flour, into which you have sifted 5 or 6 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the flour into the milk, eggs, etc., mix, knead, roll out and fry in hot lard. Water may be used instead of milk by adding a teaspoonful of shortening; molasses instead of sugar, by using a little milk or water. They are quite nice made with real sour milk, sour sweet milk, and soda instead of baking powders. Use only as much soda as you would baking powders. —AUNT NANCY.

For Toothache.—If any one has the toothache badly, and cannot have the tooth extracted, apply a wad of cotton batting saturated with laudanum, to tooth and gums. If feverish, apply cold wet cloth to cheek, same as you do to head in case of headache. Never let any foreign matter remain in the cavity of a debaying tooth. It may be kept from aching simply by carefully removing all particles of victuals after each meal, with a needle or other article which will reach it, as a tooth brush will not.—AUNT NANCY.

Raspberry Vinegar.—In answer to a request for recipes for cooling drinks, I send mine for raspberry vinegar. Although too late, the same nice drink may be made by substituting fully ripe grapes. To 3 quarts of berries put 1 quare of wine vinegar. Mash the berries, and let stand three days. Then strain, and to each pint put a pound of cut sugar. Let stand until all is dissolved, then bottle and cork it, but not tight. It must not be heated, as that spoils the flavor.—MRS. E. W. PLATT.

To Color Faded Black and leave it soft like new.—To one lb. of goods use 2 ozs. of copperas and 4 ozs. of extract of logwood. Dissolve copperas in water enough to cover the goods. After ripping and washing the goods perfectly clean, while wet put in the copperas water and simmer 30 minutes, airing often. Rinse in warm soft water. Now have your logwood all dissolved in a separate dish with plenty of water. Put in goods and simmer 30 minutes, airing the same. (I stir them all the times.) After rinse again, then turn the copperas and logwood together, put goods in and simmer 30 minutes. Take out and wash in strong soap suds so long as it colors the suds, then rinse in clear water, squeeze out hang on line. When partly dry press, and you will be delighted.—O. M. D.

French Tomato Pickles.—Pare the tomatoes and slice thin, salt them in layers, allowing 1 tablespoontul of salt to 1 gal. of tomatoes. Let them stand 24 hours, then drain well, and for 1 gal., as measured the day before, prepare 1 level tablespoonful of black pepper, 1 of allspice, 2 of cloves, 3 of mustard, 1 gill of grated horseradish and 6 green peppers cut fine. The spices and mustard must be ground and all mixed well together. Pack the tomatoes in a jar in layers with the seasoning between, and cover with good cider vinegar, keeping a weight on the top. These pickles are excellent, and do not fail to keep well.—N. M., Sherburne, N. Y.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

YUSTIN, MICH.	ANTIGO, WIS.	LENOX, IA.
May Foss	Harry Nickel	Alice Bestor
Cora Foss	Clayton Nickel	Clara Bestor
Willis Foss	Ollie Nickel	Perry Bestor
Hattie Foss	Alvin Brainard	Walter Bestor
Bessie Shick	ClarenceWiggins	Leo A Knapp
Nellie Shick	Hubert Calkins	Eddie Roberts
Jennie Young	J C Woodhouse	AmeliaSho'nhair
Wm H Young	Lulu Kennedy	John Shoenhair
Allen Young	Arthur Nickel	Rosa Shoenhair
Edwin P Young	Arthur Rouse	Hugh Humphrey
Jas Young	Martin Starck	Geo Wurster
Clara Landon	Charley Bacon	Albert McCoy
Rosetta Landon	Frank Marck	Elsie McCoy
Almeda Landon	Eddie Long	Frank Baxter
Clayton M Estes	Ira Meachers	Harry Kepner
Ralph C Liddle	Lenie Brown	Alfred Kepner
May Edith Liddle	Ray Smith	Charley Lewis
Anna L Liddle	Hallery Logan	Louie Dalton
Bessie Liddle	Arthur Peterson	Geo L Hartman
Mary Ransom	Willie Meaghers	Louis Ritchart
Alice Ransom	Peter Fabisch	Katie Holbrook
John Ransom	V'rdineSunnerks	Bertie Giles
Eva May Bevins	John Chicks	Louie Muncey
Mabel Smith	MURFREESVILLE,	Bessie Muncey
Robert Jones	(No State.)	Dick Hale
Addie Jones	Eugene Crouse	Tommy Shaw
Jessie Doel	Charley Banks	Phemie Smith
Belle Hewitt	Geo Banks	Elmer Brice
Alma Wiking	Maud Ball	Mary Howe
Jennie Anderson	Lily Ball	Belle McIntyre
John Hial	Lora Brubaker	Charley Allen
Cora Laughlin	Ollie Brubaker	Arthur Godwin
Nellie Laughlin	Maggie Ash	Ada Cleaver
W Laughlin	Birdie Short	LOWER SALEM, O.
Oral Richard	Lennie Short	Molly A Rumbold
Ina E Compton	Charley Short	Ella Muggage
Eric Erickson	Harry Short	Harry C Porter
Ernest Emery	Nettie Cun'gham	Wm Muggage
Alva Rainey	Ettie McEvers	Alfred Rumbold
Frank Hewitt	Bert Lester	Shobe Alexander
Susie Hewitt	Willie Steele	Jim J Doan
Adel Outerson	Minnie Anderson	Anna Ringgrage
ValbergOuters'n	Nellie Griffin	Erwin E Wharff
Minnie Compton	Lulu Griffin	Daniel D Mueller
Maud Spencer	Laura I Griffin	Jessie Shramm
LEXINGTON, IND.	Ella Strang	Effie Porter
Ida Middleton	Lulu Strang	Gip Alexander
Ella Middleton	LauraH Woodson	Tom Moore
Clara Middleton	Laura Fanning	Mary S Hall
ArthurMiddleton	Minnie Wright	Maggie Stanley
Frank Middleton	WEST WINFIELD,	Addie Unger
Peggie Beswick	N. Y.	Ada True
Harvey E Alford	Daisy Brown	Will Zumbro
Harvey Coons	Alice Williams	Clyde O Perkins
Dora Wilson	Gertie Hiteman	Dexter J Babson
Emma Wilson	Edna Rose	Sylvester Babson
Digna Johnson	Edna Rose	Clark Babson
Stella Kimberlin	Ella Eldridge	Bell T Doan
MinnieRightn'ue	Mamie Cook	Minnie M Babson
Lola Compton	Mary Roberts	Anna Cleaver
Fred Middleton	Jennie Roberts	Elmer Doan
Katie Middleton	Ellen Roberts	Roscoe Martin
W Middleton	Fred C Gillison	G W Perkins
MyrtleHamacher	Charley Vincent	NANCE, KAN.
Charley Hardy	Flora Davis	S Atkins
Anna Hardy	Elsie E Spicer	Kate Clugh
Tom Alford	Seward Leach	Myrtle Griffin
Lecoy Alford	Geo Wadell	Ella Clugh
SEWARD, NEB.	Fred Wright	Nora F Chapman
Ella Fetterman	Geo Walker	Ettie Buscne
WalterFetterman	Robert Harrison	Albert Monk
Ellen Jeary	Geo Clark	Jay E Stewart
Wm Jeary	Florence Clark	Nellie Kerr
Edwin Jeary	Frankie Rich	SHELBYVILLE, MO.
MINERAL SPR'GS,	OMurray Brace	Aubrey Davis
Willie Parker	Willie Hunt	Myrtle Davis
Homer Buty	LIBERTY, ILL.	Geo Davis
Vina Evans	Sollis Moore	Albert Chickner
Clara Pfeiffer	SPRINGFIELD, DAK.	TRACY, DAK.
	Jennie Cattron	Frankie Singer

Names this week, 227. Total, 13,555.

CAT-TAILS.

BY MARY N. EVANS.

Slender little cat-tails,
See how tall they grow!
What is there in all the world
Can please the children so?

Friendly little cat-tails,
Growing close together,
Crowding marsh and shallow stream
Through all the autumn weather.

Sturdy little cat-tails,
Naught have they of grace;
Straight and stiff, and bare and brown,
Each one in its place.

Strange, mysterious cat-tails,
Children's great delight,
Brown and velvety without,
Within all fluffy white!

But what if every cat-tail,
Growing straight and tall,
Should say, "Because I'm brown and stiff
I will not grow at all!"

How many eager children
Would miss full half their fun!
No life so lovely, pure and weak,
It may not comfort one.

Ragged little cat-tails,
Scattered here and there,
Battered, broken and forlorn—
Nobody seems to care.

But every battered cat-tail
In cheering others fell;
This makes the humblest living grand—
Be sure you do as well.

For He who made the cat-tails
Scorns not the smallest thing;
And deeds that brighten other lives
Eternal blessing bring!

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE PERSONAL HISTRY OF POLLY JAY—A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY KATHERINE D. M'ILYAINE.

Concluded.

Sylvestre left. Presently he came back again. "Say Alice, I've got a pony at home, and here are all the things I've got here; you can have 'em.

"I don't want your old things," sobbed Alice. "I wish I'd never seen you."

Sylvestre went away a second time, feeling even more depressed than before. Hortense was sewing Big Mary together as fast as she could, and Alice sat on the bed holding me in her arms, and every time she looked at me she cried afresh, for, alas! Hortense couldn't mend *me*. Half an hour went by. Big Mary was dressed, and looked as if nothing had ever happened to her, when Sylvestre looked in a third time.

"Alice," he said, "*please* don't tell. Mamma 'll be awful mad, and I'll just catch it. I'm real sorry."

Mrs. Renwick was very much vexed with Sylvestre, and wanted to do all she could to repair the mischief.

"You shall have a new doll, dear," she said, "as much like Polly Jay as we can find. You shall get it yourself."

"It wouldn't *be* Polly Jay," said Alice. "And if you please, Mrs. Renwick, I don't want any other doll at all. I couldn't love her as I do Polly, and perhaps mamma can mend her."

Finaly it was decided to buy me a new body, and put my old head on it, which wasn't hurt at all. When this was done I felt quite myself again; and Alice too felt better after a time.

I did not see Sylvestre again all the next day. The day after that, however, he came into the nursery, looking very much subdued. Alice picked me up, and held me tight.

"Go 'way" she said.

"You needn't be afraid, Alice," said he. "Here's my new top; please take it; and here is this for you too," producing a paper. "I gave a man on the train my penknife for it. I'm awful sorry, truly I am; I never thought you'd feel so bad. Please say you forgive me."

Alice was silent. So was Sylvestre.

"I *wish* I hadn't done it," he said. "I'll never do it again." Sylvestre certainly looked sorry.

"Well," said Alice at last, with a sigh, "I will forgive you, Sylvestre; but I don't want the things."

Sylvestre looked deeply hurt. "I wish you would take them, Alice; it dosn't seem as if you really forgave unless me you do."

Alice slowly stretched out her hand and took the papers and the top. Then she let Sylvestre kiss her, and they were friends again.

"It's one of them spiders that bob up and down," he explained; and so it was. It was made of a little piece of rabbit's skin and a lot of wiry legs. There was a ring in its back with an elastic in it to dance it about by. They seemed to enjoy it very much

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CURB.—Please tell me, through the BLADE FARM what will cure a curb on a colt. I have a yearling colt running in pasture that for the last two months has been growing a curb on one of his hind legs. Please give your advice at your earliest convenience and as plainly as possible, that I may make no mistake in accomplishing a cure. Colt is large of size, quiet of habits, and otherwise sound. Please give, in the Bureau, some preparation with which to sponge a horse to protect him against the torments of flies.—ROBT. JORGENSEN, Peotone, Ill. [In the first place, the colt should have as much quiet as possible. Apply bandages and keep them wet with cold water for one day. Then take acetic acid, 2 oz.; ether, 1 oz.; distilled water, 17 ozs.; mix; spread two folds of linen over the affected part, and keep constantly wet with the lotion until the heat is all out. If the swelling is then seen to be in a chronic condition, take biniodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz.; cut the hair from the swelling and rub in a little of the ointment every night until there is a free watery discharge on the surface. The leg should be fomented with hot water, to encourage the flow. If, after a week's time, the curb is not gone, apply the ointment in a similar manner.—ED.]

MRS. Silas Copple, Centralia, Ill.: For the fever and weak back of your horse, give tincture of aconite, ten drops; tartar emetic, one-fourth drachm; saltpetre, one drachm; resin, half an ounce. Mix and form into a ball. Repeat three times a day for three days. Apply this liniment to the back: Oil spike, one ounce; oil origanum, two ounces; alcohol, sixteen ounces.—ED.

CHICKEN LICE.—What is the best remedy to get rid of chicken lice. I have some fine Plymouth Rock, and they seem to die from the effects of lice.—W. T., Hillsboro, Iowa. [Sweep well all parts of the house, then take a gallon of lime whitewash, add to it one tablespoonful of carbolic acid and two or three of coal oil. Apply this to all parts of the house, and rub coal oil on the perches.—ED.]

SWEET POTATOES.—Please tell me how to keep sweet potatoes over winter for seed. —F. A. T., Crab Apple, O. [We believe as good a way as any is to take a flour barrel, put in the bottom about three inches of sand, then put in a layer of potatoes; then cover the potatoes with about three inches of sand, and so continue until the barrel is full. Cover the top layer with at least four inches of sand, put the barrel in a cool, dry place, but not too cold to reach it, as the potatoes must have moisture in order to live.—ED.]

QUARTER CRACK.—I have a three-year-old colt afflicted with this. The crack is on the inside of hind foot, near heel. The piece split is so near the heel that it will not receive a nail. Split to the hair, and lames him. Please publish in the BLADE FARM a remedy.—W. Wilson, Beelsville, O. [If there is inflammation, remove the shoe. Pare the crack, clean the fissure and apply poultices. Open the heel on that side between the bar and frog, cutting down pretty well, (not sufficient to cause bleeding), until the quarter will give freely. Then put on a shoe that will expand the heel.

It is also necessary that the inner heel should be open or spread, as the hoof is simply too small for the foot. Some cases will recover by filling the crack with the following, after cleansing it thoroughly and turning the horse out to grass until a new hoof is grown: Beeswax, four ounces; yellow resin, two ounces; oil of turpentine, one ounce; tallow, half an ounce. Mix together.—ED.]

CHEESE WITHOUT RENNET.—Will any one of the BLADE readers please tell me if there is any way of making cheese without rennet? If so, tell what it is, and give directions in full as soon as possible.—MRS. A. M.

L. P. Burdick, Brookfield, N. Y.: The best thing, we think, that can be done with your colt, that has swollen glands, will be to apply a linseed meal poultice to the neck, and if this does not make them point and break, they should be stimulated by painting them with iodine, one drachm; iodide of potash, two drachms; lard, two ounces. Mix at a gentle heat. Put half an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water night and morning for a week. After the glands have broken or disappeared, give quarter ounce doses of syrup of iodide of iron twice a day for a week.—ED.

C. T. AVERY, Coldwater, Kansas: Give your horse syrup of the iodide of iron, half an ounce twice a day for a week, then skip a week, and give it again for about four days. Old cases of ringbone at the nose are slow to get well, which you must remember. A medicine may not meet the expectations of a horse owner immediately, but patience is required before the result is reached. Keep the horse under a full nutritious diet, in a large box stall, and in clean, well-aired quarters. Do not place him where draughts of air will strike him.—ED.

WILLIAM CHANCELLOR, Vincennes, Ind.:—The following is a good recipe for ringbone: Biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ounces; mix and heat together; shave off the hair, and rub the part once a day for six or eight days; then wash the parts well with proof spirits. If the desired effect is not produced, repeat it.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

PEARS CRACKING.—In answer to C. S. Olmstead, Whitney's Point, N. Y., Mr. Arbe Campbell, of Oswego, N. Y., answered the same question at one time in the *Husbandman*, of Elmira, N. Y. He said it was caused by the inside of the pear growing faster than the outside, and his cure for it is potash. He used Kainet (German potash salts.) I used ashes, and my pears were all right this year, the first in several years.—J. E. Dodge.

Strawberry Culture.

The following directions, founded on long experience, are given by Ellwanger & Barry, and are well adapted to cultivation for home use:

The Best Soil for Preservation.—The strawberry may be successfully grown in any soil adapted to the growth of ordinary field or garden crops. The ground should be well prepared, by trenching or plowing at least eighteen or twenty inches deep, and be properly enriched as for any garden crop. It is only necessary to say that, if the land is wet, it must be thoroughly drained.

To Cultivate the Strawberry.—For family use, we recommend planting in beds four feet wide, with an alley two feet wide between. These beds will accomodate three rows of plants, which may stand fifteen inches apart each way, and the outside row nine inches from the alley. These beds can be kept clean, and the fruit can be gathered from them without setting the feet upon them.

Culture in Hills.—This is the best mode that can be adopted for the garden. To obtain fine, large, high-flavored fruit, pinch off the runners as fast as they appear, repeating the operation as often as it may be necessary during the summer and early autumn. Every runner removed permanently causes a new crown in the centre of the plant, and in the fall the plants will have formed large bushes or stools, on which the finest strawberries may be expected the following season. In the meantime, the ground among the plants should be kept clear of weeds, and frequently stirred with a hoe or fork.

Covering in Winter.—Where the winters are severe, with little snow for protection, a slight covering of leaves or litter, or the branches of evergreens, will be of great service. This covering should be placed over the plants until after the ground is well frozen, usually from the first to November to the first of December in this locality. Fatal errors are often made by putting on too much and too early. Care must also be taken to remove the covering in spring, just as soon as the plants begin to grow.

Mulching to Keep the Fruit Clean.—Before the fruit begins to ripen, mulch the ground among the plants with *short* hay or straw, or grass mowings from the lawn, or anything of that sort. This will not only keep the fruit clean, but will prevent the ground from drying or baking, and thus lengthen the fruiting season. Tan bark can also be used as a mulch.

A bed managed in this way will give two full crops, and should then be spaded or plowed down, a new one in the meantime having been prepared to take its place.

Turnips a Profitable Crop.

Turnips are grown at a small cost, and those who have planted a crop, as we recommended, will find that they have benefited themselves and their stock by so doing. We admit all that has been said against turnips, that they are composed largely of water, and that the amount of nutrition in the crop is small compared with grain. But turnips produce largely, and grow so quickly as to cost but very little. We do not claim that if turnips are made the principal portion of the ration they can be used in place of grain or more concentrated food. No one would attempt to winter stock on turnips alone, but in that respect those who do not grow them take a mistaken view of them. Turnips should be used as an addition to the food, not as a specialty. They may not contain those elements in excess that are desired in food, but they contain them in a form in which such material cannot be secured in any other manner. The very water which is objectionable in the succulent turnip is a solvent of that matter which is desirable, and which, in combination in the turnip, is more easily digested and appropriated than when dried. An apple is composed largely of water, but all know that there is a difference in apples containing water and those that have been dried and then soaked. And so with turnips. They may, as such, contain much water, but in that juicy, succulent condition they act as a corrective to the bowels, increase the appetite, and promote health, making a desirable change from the dry food of winter, the proof of which is the readiness with which they are accepted by stock.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Two Farmers.

Two farmers we know, own two farms which join. One farm contains 50 acres, the other 110. The farms are in New England. Farmer A. with his 50 acres has time to go to church, to the picnic and Grange. Time and time again, while out riding with his family, he passes by farmer B. toiling in his field with never a thought for anything but labor. Farmer A's wife has a horse of her own, which she can drive as she likes. The boys and girls have books and magazines and the time to read them. Mrs. B. has to beg for days for a horse, and then must take the old mare that can only be induced to hasten out of her slow walk by a thorough application of the stick.

Every rod of the smaller farm does its work. Manure is a respected friend. The crops raised are those that sell for cash. The soil does not run out because the farmer makes a business of keeping it up. On the larger farm there are weedy pastures. The manure is put into small strips of the best land. The grass is never fertilized, and the soil is expected, from its area what it lacks in quality. Farmer B makes money, for he never spends any. He looks across at his neighbor and sneers. Do these extra horses, these books and papers pay? Not a cent in cash. Farmer A puts it like this: "Neighbor B.'s idea of true profit is different from mine—that's all. He wants his in hard cash; I'm ready to spend part of mine in comfort. I can't spend my money to a better advantage than in making my family contented. I could save this money and buy more land, but I like my little farm. I feed it and it keeps its strength. Why should I spend the best part of my life in continually piling for money that will never benefit me?" Now friends, which plan do you like best? Which are you following? What is your idea of true profit? Is your money in the bank, or is it invested in happiness? Think it over.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Protecting Hogs from Cholera.

It is a notable fact that hog cholera is mainly confined to localities where hogs are kept in large numbers and mainly on corn. Giving a variety of feed is a pretty sure preventive, but in this case prevention is decidedly better than cure. Where the constitutions of swine are enfeebled by continued feeding on too-fattening corn, cholera will make serious ravages before it can be checked. Wheat bran or mill feed is cheap and good feed for growing hogs, and even whole wheat may be fed in small quantities at present.

Cotton-Seed Meal.

Sir John Bennett Lawes, of the famous English Experiment Station at Rothamsted, has proved, not by theory, but by practical work upon his farm, that a ton of cotton-seed cake—a cattle food that was not known to farmers a century ago, and which costs about $31.50 per ton—is worth as a manure, after it has passed through the animals which consume it, $28.25. This statement looks strange, but it comes from a source which is unquestioned. So it yields two, possibly three, profits. There is an increase in the flow of milk, if animals are kept for the dairy; they are in better condition, and, being so, actually consume less food, so there is a saving in forage—while, most wonderful of all, the farmer receives back, in the increased value of the manure as a fertilizer, within a few dollars of the original cost of the feed. Can the farmer afford not to feed high?

Directions for Shipping Fruit.

A prominent firm of fruit dealers in Philadelphia are opposed to the policy of shipping fruit in refrigerators, and claim disadvantages in transportation. They give the following directions to shippers: "The fruit and packages should be perfectly dry and cool when shipped; the shade temperature of the place will do; never use ice; ventilation is better than refrigeration. We have demonstrated that ventilation of natural fruit-room preserving to delicate fruits and berries than the artificially low temperture of the confined and damp air of any existing ice box or refrigerator system. Pick and pack the fruit as above directed, in ventilated packages, and ship via all rail fast mail or express only, and you will find expense and smaller quantity will more than be compensated for in the better condition of the fruit on arrival and its higher sale."

Keeping Pears.

I save my Bartlett pears so that they make fine eating two months after those of my neighbors have gone. I take a stout box and line it with paper, almost any kind will answer. The bottom is covered an inch deep with wheat bran. The pears are carefully packed, wrapped separately in thin paper and packed deeply in the bran until the bottom is covered. Then this layer is covered with bran to the depth of an inch, and another layer of pears is placed in the same way. This is continued until the box is full, when the cover is tacked on, and the box is set away in a cool, dry place. The fruit will retain its fine flavor and color.—*J. S. B. in Rural New Yorker.*

Ventilating Stables.

Look carefully to the ventilation of the stables. It is very necessary to have them well ventilated, both in winter and summer. The importance of this is shown by actual experiments. The French government took some cavalry horses which had been in quarters with an allowance of 700 to 900 cubic feet of air, and placed them where each animal was allotted 1,800 feet, and the result was, that while in the first case, death from glanders was 51 in each thousand head for ten years; in the last trial, with increased space, the deaths were reduced to ten. In former years, in the same period, the deaths from all diseases were 94 in 1,000, and now they have been reduced to 27. The claim is made that this improved ratio has been secured by giving each animal twice the former quantity of fresh air.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes grow best on sandy soil. It is useless to attempt to grow them on heavy soils, for while they will sometimes grow a fair yield they will be lacking in quality. The early plants are always started in hot-beds, but if the seasons are long enough they may be grown directly from pieces of the seed. They require manure rich in potash, and are not especially benefited with superphosphate, although the latter will not be void of mineral substance. Set out the plants in hills as soon as all danger of frost is over, and work them clean. Keep them well hilled up at first. A bag of guano, one of superphosphate, and three of kainit will be found an excellent fertilizer for them, and it should be broadcasted over the hills some time before the plants are set out.

Crop Review.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The following crop review will appear in this week's issue of the *Farmers' Review:* The weather has continued unusually favorable for the growing crop of corn, and bulletins from some of the Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois counties indicate a slightly more favorable outlook than was deemed to be possible one month ago. The crop has certainly not gone backward, as a whole, during the past four weeks, but reports as to yield or ultimate to show that the yield per acre will be considerably below the average. The recent rains have saved a vast extent of pasturage, and brightened meadows over a wide area.

Flour and Wheat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 23.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: Last week but sixteen mills were in operation. They generally made heavy runs; production, 132,810 barrels, averaging 22,135 barrels daily, against 142,780 barrels the preceding week, and 75,515 barrels for the corresponding time in 1885. Two more mills were added to the operative list this week, making the total eighteen. The production for the week will be about 140,000 barrels. The majority of the mills are now grinding new wheat to some extent. Flour exports were lighter last week, but of respectable size. The flour market is duller than a week ago, prices being lower; millers are taking few orders. Exports last week, 55,470 barrels. Wheat receipts, 902,000 bushels; shipments, 99,550; flour, 138,161 barrels; mill stuffs, 3,524 tons. In store here, 2,313,368 bushels; at Duluth, 5,707,940; at St. Paul, 215,000.

A Black List

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys and heart—all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medidal Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

TALMAGE TO THE FARMERS' SONS.

How two Brothers Left their Homes to Seek Fortunes in the Metropolis—How One Failed Utterly, and the Other Made a Glorious Success.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 26.—The opening hymn at the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day begins:

"Amazing grace—how sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see."

After expounding a passage of the Scriptures, the Rev. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Proverbs, iv., 26: "Ponder the path of thy feet," and preached the following sermon on the subject, "Two Young Men who Came to Live in the City."

It was Monday, September 20, at a country depot. Two young men are to take the cars for the city. Father brought them in a wagon with two trunks. The evening before at the old home was rather a sad time. The neighbors had gathered in to say good-bye. Indeed, all the Sunday afternoon there had been a strolling that way from adjoing farms, for it was generally known that the two boys the next morning were going to the city to live, and the whole neighborhood was interested, some hoping they would do well, and others, without saying anything, hoping for them a city failure. Sitting on the fence talking over the matter, the neighbors would interview the boys themselves, and the apple crop yet to be gathered, with remarks about the city prospects of Edward and Nicholas, for those were the names of the two young men—Edward, seventeen, and Nicholas, nineteen; but Edward, although two years younger, being a little quicker to learn, knew as much as Nicholas. They were both brown-faced and hearty, and had gone through all the curriculum of hearty sports by which muscle is developed and the chest filled out. Father and mother on Monday morning had both resolved to go to the depot with the boys, but the mother at the last moment backed out, and she said that somehow she felt quite weak that morning, and had had no appetite for a day or two, and so concluded to say good bye at the front door of the old place. Where she went and what she did after the wagon left I leave other mothers to guess. The breakfast things stood almost till noon before they were cleared away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming round the curve, the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles and one of the joints stiffened years ago by a wound from a revolver—and said: "Good-bye, Edward; good-bye, Nicholas! Take good care of yourselves, and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."

Landed in the city, they sought out with considerable inquiry of policemen on street corners and questioning of earmarked, two commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far apart that thereafter they seldom saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially if their habits are different. Practically a hundred miles from Rowling Green to Canal street, or from Atlantic avenue to Fulton.

Edward, being the youngest, we must look after him first. He never was in so large a place in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitation of real men and women to display goods on, such agility of cash boys, such crowds of goods, and a whole community of employes. His head is confused as he seems dropped like a pebble in the great ocean of business life. "Have you seen that greenhorn from the country?" whispers young man to young man. "He is in such and such department. He will have to break in some one night."

Edward stands at his new place all day, so homesick that any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a tear he carelessly dashed off, as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies. The center of a desert, a month's journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary.

But that evening, as the hour for closing has come, there are two or three young men who sidle up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements, as he had just arrived, but says that after awhile he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding-house room, walking up and down, looking at the bare wall or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour's toying with the match box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire—and it seems that 10 o'clock at night or even 11 o'clock will never come—he resolves to accept the chaperoning of his new friends at the store.

The following night they are all out together. Although his salary is not large, he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving for some time. He cannot be mean, and these friends are doing all this for his pleasure, and so he pays the bills. At the door of places of enchantment his companions cannot find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will make it all right, and will themselves pay next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt iniquity Edward would have immediately repulsed, but sin accompanied by bewitching orchestra; sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery; sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.

But after a few nights being very late out he says: "I must stop. My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this." Indeed, one of the business firm one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play in which attitudes and phraseology occurred, which if taken or uttered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from this high priced box sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is led to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped a while and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall and counting the matches in the boarding-house parlor to hear the gossip about the other boarders, or a discourse on the insufficiency of the table fare considering the price paid—but the criticism severe in proportion as the fault-finder pays little or is resolved to leave unceremoniously and pay nothing at all.

"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I cannot stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young man and others of a low larger are ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants to go the whole world of sin he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who know the way. But after a while Edward's money is all gone. He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now?

Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling tables men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he? To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand and wins; so pleased he takes another hand and wins; he is a frenzy of delight and takes another hand—and loses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little, and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now, Sunday is a day of carousal. He is so full of intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day he staggers into one of the licensed rum holes of the city.

Some morning, Edward, his breath stenchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless, or silly, or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says: "The firm desire to see you in their private office."

The gentleman in the private office says: "Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I cannot understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."

"Out of employment!" What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work. "Out of employment!" What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a lightning express train on a down grade on the grand trunk to perdition. Al Borak was a winged horse on which Mahomet pretended to have ridden by night from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to the seventh heaven with such speed that each step was as far as the eye could reach. A young man out of employment through his dissipations is seated on Al Borak, riding as fast in the opposite direction. It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel of his wardrobe and goes to the city to find out.

"O, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes suddenly upon him that night in a place of abandonment. The father says: "My son, come with me. Your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know as long as we live you can have a home. Come right away," he says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder.

In an angry tone Edward replies: "Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please. Take your hands off of me or I will strike you down! You go your way and I will go mine."

That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, for it is by this time 2 o'clock in the morning, the father goes to the city home of his son Nicholas, and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries:

"Who's there?"

"It is me," says the old man.

"Why, father; is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened, and the son says: "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"Oh, Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy, not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I suspected."

"Yes," says Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you anything about it. I have tried my best with him, and all in vain. But is after 2 o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleep comes. Whose house is it? That of his son, Nicholas. The fact is that Nicholas, soon after coming to the city, became indispensable in the commercial establishment where he was placed. He knew what few persons know, that while in all departments of business, and mechanism, and art, there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary diligence, there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity of people who excel. Many people do things respectably or tolerably well, but very few clerks or business men, or mechanics who can do splendidly well. Appreciating this, Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after everybody had gone. As extremely polite to those who decline purchasing as to those who made large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the empoisonment of multitudes, and when any one asked him to take something, he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening. He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never bet or gambled, even at a church fair! When he was at the boarding-house, after he had got all the artistic development he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men; or went forth to places of innocent amusement, and to Young Men's Christian associations, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer-meeting. He rose from position to position, and from one salary to another salary.

Only five years in town, and yet he has rented his own house, or a suite of rooms, not very large, but a home large enough in its happiness to be a type of heaven. In the morning as the old father, with handkerchief in hand, comes crying down stairs to the table, there are four persons on for each side; the young man stand opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife; and on another side the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking glee, that makes the grandfather opposite smile outside while he has a broken heart within.

Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with the silver chalices, chosen by him to be a church official. The fact was that Nicholas from the start in city life honored God, and God had honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest of all armor, that mightiest of all protection, that mightiest of all reinforcements, the multipotent and omnipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a thistle down against Gibraltar, expecting to destroy it, as with all the combined temptations of earth and hell try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say: "God is my refuge and strength."

Come, let us measure Nicholas around the head. As many inches of brain as any other intelligent man. Let us measure him around the heart. It is so large it takes in all the earth and all the heavens. Measure him around the purse. He has more recourses than nine-tenths of those who on that Monday, September 20, came in on any of the railroads, from North or South, East or West.

But that Sabbath afternoon while in the back room, Nicholas and his father are talking over any attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door-bell, and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there, and the man, with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a roundabout way says, that in a night in some low haunt of the city Edward had been hurt. He says to Nicholas: "I heard that he was some relation of yours, and thought you ought to know it."

"Hurt! Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, very badly hurt."

"Is the wound mortal?"

"Yes, it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you, he is dead."

"Dead!" cried Nicholas. And by this time the whole family are in the hallway. The father says: "Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. Oh, my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the last we can do for him."

Oh, what obsequies! The next door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the dissolute brother. A word of blame was uttered; no harsh things said. On a bank of camelias is spelled out the word "Brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life and honorable in death, he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden

WASHINGTON.

THE PENSION BUREAU.

Statement of Commissioner Black as to the Year's Transactions.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The commissioner of Pensions has filed with the secretary of the Interior his report of the operations of the Pension bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886. From the report it appears that on June 30 last there were 365,783 pensioners on the rolls, composed of 265,854 army invalids, 80,162 army widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 2,953 navy invalids, 1,877 navy widows, minor children, etc., 1,539 survivors of the war of 1812. There were 13,397 widows of soldiers of the war of 1812. 40,867 new pensioners were added to the rolls during the year; 2,229 were restored to the rolls; 22,089 pensioners' names were dropped from the rolls, owing to death, remarriage, frauds, etc., leaving a net increase in the roll of 20,685 names. The annual average value of each pension was $122.23, a gain of $1.45 over the average value of the preceding year. The aggregate annual value was $44,708,027.44, being an increase in the annual value of $6,617,041.51. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $63,797,831.61.

Since 1861 591,102 invalid claims have been filed, 348,799 claims of widows and dependents, 78,934 for pension on account of service. During the same period there have been allowed of the first class 332,-141 claims, and of the second class 229,-435, and of all other classes 60,178, making a total of claims allowed since 1861 of 621,754. It will thus be seen that nearly one-half of all the pensioners whose names have been placed upon the rolls have died or their pensions have ceased by reason of arrival at age, remarriage, etc., etc.

One hundred and sixty-one thousand four hundred and sixteen certificates of all kinds, including 79,089 increase certificates issued to widows and dependents under the act of March 19, 1886, were issued during the past year, which, the report says, shows a vast increase in the work of the office. This is especially true of the special examination division, which, the commissioner says, has saved the government $1,000,000 or $1,500,000.

An attached table shows that there are in the United States in the poor-houses about 9,000 soldiers, of whom 13 per cent. are pensioners, 86 per cent. non-pensioners; the oldest soldier receiving public support is 103 years of age. The mean age is 57 years; 48 per cent. of all the soldiers receiving support were native born, 51 per cent. were foreign born; 45 per cent. were married men, 54 per cent. unmarried men; 10 per cent. blind or insane. The act increasing the pensions of widows and dependents from $8 to $12 was approved on March 19, 1886. On June 4 total payments had been made to this class without expense to the beneficiaries. Some 6,000 of the cases of increase under the amputation act of August 4, 1886, have had certificates issued, and the remainder are being disposed of with great rapidity. From August 4, 1886, until December 31, 1885, 1,967 private pension acts have been approved. Since that date 644 such acts have been approved and certificates issued in nearly every case.

The commissioner renews his suggestions as to legislation contained in his report of the previous year. Concerning the Mexican war pensions, he says that the subject of pensions to soldiers of that war is before Congress and the people, and that he need not dwell upon it in the way of argument. During the year more than 2,000,000 letters and packages were received in the office, and it is believed that nearly all of that number have been properly replied to. The amount of expenditures for stationery, printing and binding has been $13,683 for the past year. Of the appropriations provided for the expenses of the office, $305,962 has been covered back into the treasury. The clerical force during the year was diminished by 100. A statement of the chief clerk is added to the report of the commissioner, which shows that during the year of 1884-85, 54,313 days annual and sick leaves were taken by the employes of the bureau, while for the year 1885-86, 38,652 days only were taken, showing a net saving of the time of one man for 42 years, 11 months and 4 days.

CLEVELAND AND THE SOUTH.

A Bitter Feeling Against the President in the South.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—A local paper publishes a significant interview with William Falk, a merchant of Charleston. He is quoted as using this bitter language:

"One thing seems to have been pretty well demonstrated by the recent calamity, and that is that our President was not equal to the exigencies of the situation. It was reserved for Queen Victoria to set him the example of the promptness which he should have dictated, and while our people did not particularly desire pecuniary aid, they thought the President of the United States might have telegraphed his sympathy for their affliction. South Carolinians will not forget this slight in a hurry. I can tell you and it would not surprise me to see a Cleveland delegation defeated at the primaries before the big convention takes place in 1888. Our people will pay off their score in this manner. You may be sure Cleveland will never get my vote for re-election. This sentiment is growing all over the South, and what was made at this late day will palliate or condone either the carelessness or forgetfulness of the stricken people of Charleston by one who should have been the first to extend condolence."

What the Charleston merchant says so bluntly has been muttered by other Southern people. The employes in the departments have contributed several thousand dollars in sums ranging from 50 cents up. Large money gifts were not looked for from either the President or his advisers, but it was felt that they should have made known their sympathy in some public way. All that the Government of the United States has done for the stricken Southern cities was by the War department, which did manage to loan 60 tents. At a time when their need was greatest the announcement was made that nothing more could be done.

ABOUT NATIONAL BANKS.

What Treas. Jordan Says About Their Threat to Withdraw from Business.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Treas. Jordan, referring to the alleged threat of several National Banks to withdraw from the National Banking system, said:

"You can rest assured that no bank will carry out that threat; first, because the situation for them is not at all stringent, and they are in no danger of being driven to the wall, or even cramped by those bond calls; secondly, because those are no state laws under which these banks can re-organize profitably. If any of the states had laws under which these banks could issue currency there might be some temptation to them to go out of the system, although I doubt if their circulation would be accepted generally then. I am inclined to believe that these banks would not for a good deal lose their status as national banks, for the reason that much of their business would go to the remaining national banks. This would be especially the case with small depositors, whose suspicions are easily aroused and to whom the word 'national' in a bank's title has always seemed a great protection for their small investments. Again, money now commands 5 and 6 per cent., and the banks cannot afford to retire their circulation when it is as valuable as that. There never was a time when the banks were making as much money as now. If money were as cheap as it was some months ago, there might be some sense in these reports, but it is nonsense to talk of it now."

It is rumored at the treasury department that the forced substitution of other bonds for the called 3 per cents will not be pushed very rapidly, and that plenty of time will be given the banks to make the change. The called bonds deposited by the banks will be the last taken up for liquidation, and no bank will be crippled by these calls.

OHIO CONGRESSMEN.

Republican Gains Predicted—Cleveland Backing Frank Hurd.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—Gen. Goff, chairman of the Republican Congressional committee, says Ohio will gain more Republican Congressmen than any other state, and that the state ticket will unquestionably be elected. Gen. Goff gets his opinion from private letters received from the highest Republican source in Ohio.

It is stated here that there was unusual significance in the conference held at Toledo on Saturday between Frank Hurd and W. S. Bissell of Buffalo, Pres. Cleveland's old law partner. The primary on that day, it will be remembered, gave Hurd Lucas county. It is said that Bissell was authorized by the President to say to Hurd that every assistance in the power of the administration would be given him to secure his election, and that Hurd was enabled to make some quick and important trades; also, that he will continue to make trades on the credit of the administration until election.

It is stated that Internal Revenue Collector Kumler will go out at Hurd's bidding, and a man appointed at his dictation. It is presumed the office will be traded to the best advantage possible, and that Kumler will be sacrificed as soon as election is over, if not before. At any rate his official head, according to rumors, is in Hurd's hands, as are also the heads of other Republicans in the district who hold federal offices.

Foreign Corporations in the United States.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The Anglo-California bank (limited) recently protested to the treasury department against the action of the collector of customs at San Francisco in refusing to permit entries of imported merchandise consigned to the bank by bills of lading on the ground that the bank is a foreign corporation.

The question was referred to the solicitor of the Treasury, who has given an opinion that the bank, which was incorporated in London, and carries on its business in this country through two agents as managers, cannot, under the existing statute, be allowed to make the entries in question, inasmuch as the consignee would be a non-resident foreign corporation with none or its corporate officers residing in the United States, and, therefore, incapable of complying with the law and the regulations in the case of import entries. The solicitor further advises that the case of consignments of goods to said bank, the only course to pursue is to treat the goods as unclaimed, and to send them into the general order store. Acting Sec. Fairchild has instructed the collector to be governed by the views of the solicitor.

Beer Business in Germany.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—Consul Tanner, of Chemnitz, reports to the secretary of state that the beer production of Germany in 1885, was 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough to form a lake more than one mile square and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers. He says the consumption of intoxicants in Germany per head is four times as great as in the United States, yet there are a thousand hopeless drunkards in the United States to ten in Germany. The difference arises largely, he says, if not entirely, from the manner of drinking in vogue in the countries. "This science of drinking," he writes, "consists simply in the tardiness of drinking. All drinks are taken sip by sip, a half or three quarters of an hour being consumed for a glass of beer. This is so simple that one is liable to ridicule for laying stress upon it, and yet on this one point hinges, in my opinion, a question of vast importance to Americans. By this manner of drinking the blood is aroused to greater activity, in so gradual a manner that there is no violent derangement of the animal economy. By slow drinking, the German accomplishes the object of drinking and gives his animal economy a chance to say, 'hold, enough,' which only slow drinking will do."

A $15,000,000 Bond Call.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The acting secretary of the Treasury this afternoon issued the one hundred and forty-third call for 3 per cent. bonds. The call is for $15,000,000 of the 3 per cent. loan of 1882, and notice is given that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds herein below designated, will be paid at the treasury of the United States in the city of Washington, D. C., on the first day of November, 1886, and that interest on said bonds will cease on that day. They are the 3 per cent bonds issued under the act of Congress, approved July 12, 1882, and numbered as follows: $50, original number 50 to original number 55, inclusive; $100, original number 641 to original number 776, inclusive; $500, original number 286 to original number 240, inclusive; $1,000, original number 2,435 to original number 2,334, inclusive; $10,000, original number 7,307 to original number 8,516, inclusive; total, $15,000,000.

The three months interest due November 1, 1886, on the above described bonds will not be paid by checks forwarded to the holders of the bonds, but will be paid with the principal, to the holders at the time of presentation. Parties holding bonds called by this circular can obtain immediate payment with interest to date of presentation by requesting the same in the letter forwarding the bonds for redemption. Many of the bonds originally included in the above numbers have been transferred, or exchanged with other denominations on "warrants" of the original numbers being cancelled, or have been redeemed under circular of September 15, 1886, and leaving outstanding the apparent amount above stated.

McLean and Whitney—A "Pointer" for Johnny.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—Some time ago John R. McLean bought a whole square of ground near the navy-yard here. That section of the city is very old, rough and undesirable. People at first wondered why McLean should buy it, and declared he was foolish to purchase so much worthless property. It developes that he made the purchase upon the recommendation of Secretary Whitney, who has designated this navy-yard for a national gun foundry, thus giving that community such a boom as no other portion of Washington has ever been given. Property has jumped up 200 per cent., and McLean finds himself the luckiest man in the country. His property will continue to advance till it reaches fabulous prices.

THE EARTHQUAKE SCARE.

Two Lady Teachers at New Orleans Close Their Schools.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 28.—The newspapers here have ridiculed Wiggins's the earthquake prophet, thoroughly that they have relieved nearly all the fears caused by his prediction of an earthquake on the 29th. Despite the exposure, however, and Wiggin's denial that he made any such prophecy, there are a number of persons here who are looking forward with dread to Wednesday.

A couple of ladies, principals in a private school here, closed their establishment last week and left for Tennessee, in anticipation of the earthquake. In vain their partner pleaded with them to remain. They were panic-stricken, and declared that their health and safety demanded that they leave the city, no matter there was no danger of earthquake, and that whether one occurred or not the mere anticipation of on ewould make them sick.

A local aeronaut will have a balloon ascention in this city on the 29th, and offers places in his balloon to those who fear an earthquake for $10 a head.

Another Shock at Charleston, with Demoralizing Effect.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 28.—Slight earthquake shocks were felt here at 2 and 4 a. m. by people who happened to be awake at the time. At 1:02 p. m., however, there was a sharp shock, accompanied by the usual rumbling noise. It was violent enough to shake buildings, and caused many people to rush out into the streets.

The continuation of these shocks on the eve of Wiggins's prediction has a demoralizing effect here, and many will sleep in the open air to-night. The shock this afternoon lasted six or eight seconds, but it seems to have been felt only in Charleston and vicinity.

THE TAYLOR BROTHERS.

The Candidates for Governor of Tennessee Having a Jolly Time.

FAYETTEVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 25.—The Taylor brothers came to this town Thursday, accompanied by a number of friends. The brothers sat on the same seat in the special train, and talked pleasantly together. Bob said: "I am going to make it warm for you to-morrow, Alf. We are going into one of the best Democratic counties in the state."

Alf. smiled and remarked: "I like to talk to Democrats, and tell them of their follies."

Yesterday the red and white roses mingled in one procession. There was a great deal of enthusiasm manifested for each candidate, but there was no bad feeling. The Democratic processions had decorated their horses with flags, and on every flag was inscribed either "Our Bob," or, "Hurrah for Alf." There were about 7,000 people present to hear the novel discussion, several hundred coming from Alabama.

Alf. devoted the first part of his speech to a discussion of the Blair bill. The Republicans are pushing that question with the hope of dividing the Democratic party in Tennessee. A great many Democrats favor the passage of that bill, and it is the voice of this element that Alf. is working for. There are no state issues in the campaign. The two platforms propose the same reforms, and the brothers agree upon every question touching the state. It is only upon national questions that they differ. Both favor national aid to education. Bob proposes to get money for educational purposes by selling the public domain, while Alf. favors the passage of the Blair bill. The tariff is the main part of the latter's speech.

Bob arose amid tremendous applause. After it had subsided he was about to speak, a feeble old man, who claims to be the oldest Democrat in Tennessee, stepped forward, and claims, 6,000 unstamped kegs in his shop, and that he will be under the control of the men, as unstamped kegs are unsaleable. Mr. Goerres locked out his employes in preference to placing himself in this predicament. The master workman of the Coopers' assembly K. of L. supports the workmen in their position, and as the manufacturers will oppose the stand taken by the knights, further trouble is expected.

Hon. Washington G. Tuck, of Annapolis, has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fifth Maryland district.

THE OHIO PENITENTIARY AGAIN.

Attempt to Poison Witnesses in the Hide-Tanning and Forgery Charges Made by Gov. Foraker—"Soft Jobs" at the Pen.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 28.—An analysis of water left in their cells shows that three penitentiary prisoners who were taken suddenly sick Saturday night were poisoned. One of them, John Francis, is still very sick. The others were not badly afflicted. All are important witnesses in the pending investigation of abuses at the prison.

The *State Journal* of this morning contains the following additional particulars: The cells of the men are in different parts of the prison and no clue whatever can be learned as to who dropped the poison in the cups. The cell of Francis is in the new building. The names and numbers of all the convicts are on the doors of their cells and anyone passing along the corridor could drop the poison in the cups and go by unnoticed. Still this would have to be done by some one connected with the prison as an official or convict or by some one who had no business there. The matter is being thoroughly investigated. Whoever dropped the poison powder into the water cup evidently knew what men to pick out, as none of the three named at that time had been before the grand jury, and Francis may be unable yet to appear for some time. All of these men were about as usual Saturday, and Francis was feeling in good health every way till after he drank the water, when the spasmodic spells came on him.

As an instance of the anxiety of interested parties, Ballard, who was victimized out of his fine $600 trotting horse by the transfer from Gov. Foster to Scott job, has been pressed with tempting inducements to make an affidavit that neither he nor his wife had any such transactions as are charged with ex-officials, but he peremptorily declined, and wrote to his wife not to do so.

Some time in March last the wife of a convict named Frank Walters visited him at the penitentiary. Walters had recently been returned on a second sentence. Was at hard labor. His wife arranged to have Walters given an easy position. Of course, in this case, as in a hundred others, there was some sort of a consideration for the favor. Mrs. Walters paid money, but gave her gold watch, and Walters was put in as runner (trusty) at the asylum Warden Peetrey removed him from the position two days later, as soon as he heard of it, claiming that Walters being a second or a third term man, could not be safely trusted in such a position. The second "soft job" was then given him, which he held.

Chief Clerk L. L. Lang, yesterday, after reading the misrepresentations in the *Enquirer*, made affidavit as follows:

"Justice to Gov. Foraker requires me to state that the figures given him by me in his speech at Columbus, were furnished him by me and were correct in every particular. I should also state in justice to him that Gov. Foraker told me when he asked me to make up the statement for him that he wanted me to credit the former administration with whatever it was entitled to. I should further state that after Gov. Foraker's speech had been printed he showed me the statement it contained as to the financial management and results of the penitentiary, and I told him that his statements were exactly correct. So far as the item of $25,639.56, as deducted by him from gross receipts credited on account of failure to collect the same, I furnished him the item as a part of the statement I made, as I was bound to do if I made an honest statement, and as for the additional $15,000 and odd dollars of $61,706.24, it was also my statement of the sum that should be added, and this sum was not already included in statement of expenditures as is stated by W. A. T. in his article in *Enquirer*, because this was the subject of a separate account kept in the name of the warden individually. The only particular in which Gov. Foraker's statement is not strictly in accord with the figures I have furnished is that he omits to charge an item of $1,600 for bad accounts, which would have made the loss that much greater. I failed to observe that he had omitted this when he showed me his speech, as above stated. For my own protection as a Democrat, I want to add that I have not furnished any figures or statement except as I have been called upon to do so in the regular performance of my duty, and in all I have done I have been governed alone by the facts, for which I am not responsible, so far as the $53,000 of profits claimed to be made by Gov. Foster's administration, I did not furnish any figures. Nothing in regard to that matter appears in my figures. I also desire to add that I gave to W. A. Taylor on last evening at the Neil House, precisely the same figures I gave Gov. Foraker."

BEGUN IN GAY PARIS.

Countess and Equestrienne Meet in a Police Court—A Romantic Friendship Broken.

NEW YORK, Sept 25.—[Special.]—A strange story was brought out in the Jefferson Market Police court this morning, when Adrienne, Countess de Heerdt, was brought up to answer a charge of larceny made by Adrienne Bergeron, an equestrienne, formerly connected with the Cirque Imperiale at Paris. The prisoner is about 29 years of age, of dashing appearance, educated and handsome, with large, bright eyes. She was married to the Count de Heerdt, a wealthy Hollander, a few years ago. The complainant has a most remarkable history. She was born in Brazil, on the banks of the Amazon, and is about 19 years of age. Her father was a large planter and owned a number of slaves. She was educated in a convent, and when but a girl was taken to Paris. Her father became financially embarrassed, however, and she was obliged to earn her own living.

Adrienne found little difficulty in obtaining a position in the Cirque Imperiale, as she had learned when young to mount the fleetest horse. While in the Cirque she became acquainted with a number of prominent and wealthy men of Paris and lived in luxury. Last winter she met with an accident while performing a daring feat of horsemanship, several bones of which filled the Parisian papers at the time.

She again took a position as equestrienne and while there became attached to a young Brazilian diplomat, who induced her to accept the position at the Cirque Imperiale at Rio de Janeiro. As she was about finishing her preparations to start for South America she met the Countess de Heerdt, who told Adrienne that domestic infelicity had made her a wanderer on the earth, and she wanted her for a companion, and accept her protection. She was able to gratify her taste for travel and was about to start on a tour of the United States and intended to go to Australia.

Adrienne started to New York with the countess. They arrived here on the 13th inst. and went to a French hotel on No. 117 Bleecker street. The actions of the countess were such after they arrived at the hotel that Adrienne left the hotel suddenly, leaving her trunks, which contained her riding habits and valuable clothing of all kinds, behind her and went to live at No. 103 West Thirteenth street. The subsequently made repeated demands for her property. The countess refused to give the trunks up unless she received $60.

On Tuesday night Adrienne visited police headquarters, told her story, and Detective Maguire went with her before Justice Gorman and procured a summons for the countess. This the countess utterly ignored, tearing it in pieces, and a warrant for her arrest, which was subsequently issued, was served last night. The countess told Judge Gorman that Adrienne owed her 400 francs for her passage to this country, and that she merely kept the trunk as security. When the money was paid she would surrender the trunks. As it was a case for the civil courts, the countess was discharged.

KNIGHTS LOCKED OUT.

Milwaukee Coopers Raise a Question of General Interest.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 28.—The men employed in Phillip Goerres's cooper shop have been locked out for several days past. The question at issue is of general interest to manufacturers, and one that is attracting the widespread attention. The difference, as stated by Mr. Goerres, is that he employs Knights of Labor coopers, and that one of the clauses in the agreement between employer and workmen is that the union stamp shall be affixed to every keg made in his shop. He claims that the men insist that the stamp shall not be placed on the kegs until they are sold. He asks that each keg be branded as it is made.

Mr. Goerres, says that he, with nearly every tight-barrel manufacturer in Milwaukee, makes more kegs and barrels than he has immediate sale for. He now has 2,000 kegs in stock, and in six months he will have, he claims, 6,000 unstamped kegs in his shops, and that he will be under the control of the men, as unstamped kegs are unsaleable. Mr. Goerres locked out his employes in preference to placing himself in this predicament. The master workman of the Coopers' assembly K. of L. supports the workmen in their position, and as the manufacturers will oppose the stand taken by the knights, further trouble is expected.

A. S. HEWITT'S WAIL.

His Services not Appreciated, and He Will Go Into Retirement — Speaker Carlisle Might Have Helped Him Out, if He Had Been so Disposed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—In conversation yesterday with a *Tribune* reporter, Congressman Abram S. Hewitt said in regard to his candidacy for representative in the 50th Congress:

"I cannot say as yet whether I shall be a candidate or not. There may be conditions under which I might accept a renomination. I do not really see that there is any reason why I should go back, however. I have been there twelve years, endeavoring to do what I believed was for the general good, but when I contemplate the result of my work I am forced to admit that I have been a failure. It seems really that I have no influence whatever."

"To what do you attribute this result," was asked. "Is it due to the ignorance of members as to the real needs of the country?"

"Oh, well, I do not like to call it ignorance," replied Mr. Hewitt, "yet of course there is more or less ignorance manifest when it comes to dealing with the greater questions which pertain to business and commercial advancement. But in my opinion this condition of things is largely due to the individual jealousy of leaders. Each one appears to be afraid that the other will reap some personal advantage about as usual. Saturday, and Francis was feeling in good health every way till after he drank the water, when the spasmodic spells came on him.

As an instance of the anxiety of interested parties, Ballard, who was victimized out of his fine $600 trotting horse by the transfer from Gov. Foster to Scott job, has been pressed with tempting inducements to make an affidavit that neither he nor his wife had any such transactions as are charged with ex-officials, but he peremptorily declined, and wrote to his wife not to do so.

Some time in March last the wife of a convict named Frank Walters visited him at the penitentiary. Walters had recently been returned on a second sentence. Was at hard labor. His wife arranged to have Walters given an easy position. Of course, in this case, as in a hundred others, there was some sort of a consideration for the favor. Mrs. Walters paid money, but gave her gold watch, and Walters was put in as runner (trusty) at the asylum Warden Peetrey removed him from the position two days later, as soon as he heard of it, claiming that Walters being a second or a third term man, could not be safely trusted in such a position. The second "soft job" was then given him, which he held.

Chief Clerk L. L. Lang, yesterday, after reading the misrepresentations in the *Enquirer*, made affidavit as follows:

"Justice to Gov. Foraker requires me to state that the figures given him by me in his speech at Columbus, were furnished him by me and were correct in every particular. I should also state in justice to him that Gov. Foraker told me when he asked me to make up the statement for him that he wanted me to credit the former administration with whatever it was entitled to. I should further state that after Gov. Foraker's speech had been printed he showed me the statement it contained as to the financial management and results of the penitentiary, and I told him that his statements were exactly correct. So far as the item of $25,639.56, as deducted by him from gross receipts credited on account of failure to collect the same, I furnished him the item as a part of the statement I made, as I was bound to do if I made an honest statement, and as for the additional $15,000 and odd dollars of $61,706.24, it was also my statement of the sum that should be added, and this sum was not already included in statement of expenditures as is stated by W. A. T. in his article in *Enquirer*, because this was the subject of a separate account kept in the name of the warden individually. The only particular in which Gov. Foraker's statement is not strictly in accord with the figures I have furnished is that he omits to charge an item of $1,600 for bad accounts, which would have made the loss that much greater. I failed to observe that he had omitted this when he showed me his speech, as above stated. For my own protection as a Democrat, I want to add that I have not furnished any figures or statement except as I have been called upon to do so in the regular performance of my duty, and in all I have done I have been governed alone by the facts, for which I am not responsible, so far as the $53,000 of profits claimed to be made by Gov. Foster's administration, I did not furnish any figures. Nothing in regard to that matter appears in my figures. I also desire to add that I gave to W. A. Taylor on last evening at the Neil House, precisely the same figures I gave Gov. Foraker."

AN INDIAN ENTERPRISE.

Mail and Transportation Routes Through out the Frontier Region.

ELLENDALE, Dak., Sept. 25.—It transpires that the Northern Sioux have under headway an enterprise which is at once novel and important. It has been determined by the councilmen of the Sioux nation, as well as by general assent among the people, to establish mail and transportation routes throughout the frontier region, which shall be conducted exclusively by Indians, and as an Indian enterprise. The principal part of the work will be done by the young men of the nation, while the older ones will supervise, counsel, plan, and manage. All the labor connected with the trasportation of mail, passengers and freight will be performed on foot, and athletic young Indians are now in training for their part of their enterprise. The mail carriers will travel by twos, and the freight and passenger carriers by fours. It is intended to have the routes embrace every place that is considered a frontier town. Several hundred Indians will be employed, and all must be men of sobriety and honest. The loads for mail teams will be limited to 200 pounds, and those for freight and passenger teams to 1,000 pounds. The mail will be transported according to government specifications, the same as at present—daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, or weekly.

The number of teams employed in handling passengers and merchandise on any route will be governed by the amount of business offered. The mail carriers will travel at the rate of eight miles per hour, net, the passenger carriers at the rate of seven miles, and the freight carriers at the rate of five miles.

The men will be harnessed to strong, but light vehicles made especially for the work described. Boarding stations will be established every 25 miles, and this distance is to constitute a day's travel for each team. Every runner will be required to make three trips per week—a total of 75 miles in seven days. A term of 90 days is to be the limit of a year's work for one individual. At the expiration of each term the Indians who have been in service are to return to their reservations, and their places will be filled by a fresh lot. The whole business is to be conducted on the co-operative principle. Every member of the Sioux Nation will receive a percentage of the earnings after the men who perform the work have been paid their salaries, and all other operating expenses have been settled.

COLORED KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Richmond Hotels Object to Them as Guests—What the Result Will Be.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Sixty delegates of District Assembly No. 49 will attend the general assembly of the Knights of Labor in Richmond, Va.

"Every Knight of Labor," said one of these delegates yesterday, "when he enters Richmond, knows that his obligation makes him disregard the color, creed and nationality of his fellow-members. District 49 has now among its members a number of colored men. One of these colored men happened to be a delegate. In fact, he was one of the first chosen. When our committee was making arrangements with Col. Murphy, of the Merchants' hotel of Richmond, he said he would gladly accommodate all the delegates but the custom and usages of the city by allowing the colored man the equal rights and privileges with those of his white fellow-delegates. The colored delegate, when he heard this, secured a place for himself, and said the other delegates could select any hotel they liked. The other delegates, however, by a unanimous vote, declared they would only go where their colored brother was admitted on the same footing.

"The assembly then looked about to devise a way out of the trouble. It finally sent a colored delegate and a white brother to Richmond to secure board for the entire delegation among colored families in that city. No member of 49 will board anywhere except with a colored family. This action by 49 we hope will work good and be of great benefit to us and to humanity. In Richmond there is a district assembly which ignores the colored knights. District assembly 49's act will bring, we hope, the white brothers to their senses, and start a break-up of the color line. We are all anxious to begin the work. It may be that the greater part of the session of the General Assembly will be taken up with this question, and not on the Home rule. The Home club is not very bad, after all. You ought to have heard some of them on the question of color, and they were men who were in Richmond when Lee surrendered."

Remarkable Discovery in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 27.—At Kankakana, Wis., workmen engaged in excavating a sewer came upon the ruins of a stone building at a depth of eight feet. The stone first found bore traces of fine workmanship and polish. Further digging developed a quantity of ashes, about 25 bushels of which were removed, when another stone was struck. The stones were finely faced, some being blackened as if by fire and smoke. Others must have been subjected to great artificial heat, as they had crumbled into lime. The work was found but a foot or two above the bed rock, and shows evidence of workmanship that could have been performed only by a highly civilized race. It must have been done centuries ago, as a large elm tree had grown over the ruins. The discovery has led to the advancement of many theories

A Lawyer Found Dead in His Office.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—Attorney Lawrence J. Nisson was found lying dead in his office on East Madison street yesterday morning. Upon a table near by stood an empty morphine bottle. At his late home, whither the body was at once conveyed, the theory of suicide is discredited, and confidence is expressed that he died of paralysis. An inquest will be held to-day. The deceased was for 40 years a resident of Chicago, and was formerly a partner of Judge Barnum in the law business. He was 68 years of age and leaves a wife and several grown children.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

British Parliament Prorogued Until November 11.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—Parliament was prorogued today until November 11. Following is the Queen's speech closing the session:

"My Lords and Gentlemen:—I am glad to be able to release you from your arduous duties. My relations with foreign powers continue to be friendly. The mutiny of a portion of the Bulgarian army has led to the abdication of Prince Alexander; a regency has been established, which is now aeministering the affairs of the principality, and preparations are being made for the election of a successor to Prince Alexander, in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Berlin. In answer to a communication addressed by the Porte to the signatory powers, parties to that treaty, I have stated that so far as this country is concerned there will be no infraction of the conditions guaranteed by treaties to Bulgaria. Assurances to the same effect have been given by the other powers.

The demonstration of the Afghon frontier has advanced to within a few miles of the river Oxus. In view of the approach of winter, my commission have been withdrawn, but the information they have obtained will be sufficient for the determination by direct negotiations between the two courts of that portion of the frontier which still remains unmarked.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I thank you for the supplies you have votep for the requirements of the pubic service. Mp lords and gentlemen, I have directed the issue of a commission to inquire into the circumstances which appear to have prevented the anticipated operation of the recent acts dealing with the anticipated operation of the recent acts dealing with the tenure and the purchase of land in Ireland.

I have observed with much satisfaction the interest which, in an increasing degree, is evinced by the people of this country in the welfare of the colonial and Indian fellow-subjects, and I am led to the conviction that there is on all sides a growing desire to draw closer in every practicable way the bonds which unite the various portions of my empire.

I have authorized communications to be entered into with the principal colonial governments with the view to fuller consideration of matters of common interest. I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may be with you.

THE RED FLAG.

Its Followers Denounce the Government and Attack the Police.

LEIPSIC, Sept. 28.—Four hundred socialists to-day made a demonstration by marching through the streets with the expelled socialist leader, Schumann, at their head, waving red flags and denouncing the government. The police attacked the procession, and attempted to capture the red flags. The socialists beat the officers back, after a stubborn fight, in which many on both sides were wounded. The police got reinforced, and returned. This time they succeeded in dispersing the socialists, capturing seven, Schumann included.

PARIS, Sept. 28.—A riot took place to-day during the unveiling and dedication of the statue of Armand Barbes, the Red Republican colleague of Blanqui, at Caacassonne, in the department of Ande. The committee having the ceremonies in charge were nearly all Moderatists. The revolutionists became provoked at this prominence in the case of such a conspirator as Barbes, whom they regarded as one of their creed, and attempted to control the demonstration themselves. In this they were resisted by the committee, assisted by the police. The revolutionists gathered re-enforcements and made an open fight for control of the situation; with red flags flying, they assaulted the enclosed site, breaking down the barriers, trampling over women and children, and driving the moderatists and their police allies away from the place.

The Spanish Insurgents.

MADRID, Sept. 27.—Thirty insurgents who took part in the recent revolt appeared in the village of Cartagena yesterday. A number were wounded; these were left in the village, and the others then made their way across the frontier into France.

The Peace of Europe.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 27.—Turkey's agents abroad report that the peace of Europe is endangered by the present temper of the English and Austrian cabinets against Russia. The Turkish war department contemplates equipping and drilling 60,000 Kurdish horsemen in the same manner that the Russian troops are equipped and drilled.

A Fenian Scare.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—The *Eastern Morning News*, of Hull, has received a letter bearing the London postmark and signed "One of Them," announcing that the Fenians intend to burn Hull, and will set fire to the town at 20 different points simultaneouly. The writer says he is disgusted with his brother Fenians. He enjoins secrecy upon the editor of the *News*, saying that he (the writer) will be murdered if the Fenians discover that he divulged the plot.

DESPONDENT YOUNG MAN.

E. E. Trowbridge, of Cleveland, Disappears from His Hotel at Niagara Falls.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 27.—A fine-appearing young man arrived at Niagara Falls on the 11th inst. and registered at the Western hotel as E. E. Trowbridge, Cleveland, O. During the following days he occasionally visited points of interest, but stayed in his room most of the time, and appeared deeply despondent. Saturday he was missing from the hotel. It was concluded that he had gone to Buffalo for the night, and his room was given to another guest. Sunday morning the chambermaid found two letters hidden under a towel on the dressing stand. One was addressed to the proprietor of the hotel, asking him to mail the other letter, and send bill for board due to the same address. "Do not make the affair public," he wrote. "It would make it unpleasant for my beloved relatives. I do not wish the affair made public, as it would hurt the name of your house. It is a rather unpleasant advertisement to have a suicide committed in the house."

The signature was "Elmer E. Trobridge, No. 383 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, country residence, Solon, Ohio."

A postscript on manila paper ran: "If you choose you can wire, C. O. D., to my father, Henry Trowbridge, Solon, O. I presume he will come, for decency's sake, to look for my body, but he will not find it."

The second letter, addressed to Henry Trobridge, was, with the first, turned over to the Chief of Police, who sent a message to Solon, but received no answer. Trobridge has expressed disappointment at the non-arrival of his sister from Cleveland, but beyond that and his disappearance, nothing is known.

Non-Partisan Temperance Movement in Ohio.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Sept. 27.—A plan is being formulated by Francis Murphy and some of his most earnest and prominent supporters to organize a State Temperance association. A convention will be held in Columbus during the week following the state election, at which officers will be elected and a plan of action decided upon. Every Murphy or other non-partisan temperance association in the state will be invited to send delegations. Mr. Murphy himself will be present, and in addition there will be many prominent men in attendance.

The movement is in direct opposition to political prohibition, and the object of its organization is to offset the results accomplished by the third party. Moral suasion as opposed to legal prohibition will be the foundation of the movement. The organization will be permanent, and it is expected that the association will shortly become one of the strongest reformatory and moral societies in the state.

Mr. Murphy, who is now conducting a series of successful temperance meetings at Warren, expressed himself to a reporter as confident of the success of the movement. He said the association would be distinctly non-partisan in its character, and that he was certain a great deal of good could be accomplished by its organization.

Father Reilly and the Irish National League.

DETROIT, Sept. 22.—It is reported that Bishop Borgess has taken action in the case of Rev. Dr. Reilly, who refuses to resign as treasurer of the Irish National League in conformity with the order promulgated at the Sandwich synod. Rev. Father Dempsey, private secretary to the Bishop, denies that the latter has as yet taken any action in the matter. Father Dempsey said that the bishop had only just returned to Detroit from a diocesan tour, and had no time to investigate the Reilly case. He didn't know whether it would be held to come within the new rule or not. At any rate, he said, the rule was now being printed by the bishop's printer, and had not been officially promulgated. It would be brought to the notice of each priest in the diocese this week.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

A Doctor Kidnapped, Thrust Into a Carriage, and Driven Off.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Dr. George Bull, once a prominent practitioner in this city, was before the Supreme court to-day on a writ of habeas corpus obtained at the instigation of his wife, who claimed that he had been kidnapped and was unlawfully restrained of his liberty at the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men.

The evidence brought out a remarkable story, to the effect that on Saturday last as Dr. Bull was leaving his residence, he was seized by several, thrust into a carriage that was in readiness near, and carried off. Immediately afterward, agents of the Union Trust company turned his wife and family out of the house, and refused, it is alleged, to allow them to return even to get their clothing. The officers of the institution showed an official order from Dr. George F. Shrady for the seizure and incarceration of Dr. Bull. Dr. Shrady was some time ago appointed the committee of Dr. Bull's person in proceedings in which he was declared an inebriate. Dr. Shrady alleged that he had information that Bull was frequenting low resorts and drinking places, and was about to leave the state, and therefore had ordered his arrest. On the other hand it was asserted that Dr. Bull had not touched a drop of liquor for eleven months, and had no idea of going away from home. The Union Trust company justified its action by alleging that the house was about to be rented by them for the benefit of the doctor, the company having been appointed by the court as committee of the inebriate's property. It was denied that permission to get their clothing had been refused to the family. Judge Andrews said that the case was one that seemed to demand investigation, and reserved his decision. It is asserted that there is a conspiracy to lock up the doctor and keep his property from his family.

DEMOCRACY DOOMED.

Bishop Ireland's Manifesto—He Endorses the Republican Platforms of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota—Non-Partisan Temperance Movement in Ohio.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 27.—The *Northwestern Chronicle*, the personal organ of Bishop Ireland, of the Catholic church, has a strong editorial end